The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

News Notes.

As there seems to be a good deal of misapprehension as to whether the second and succeeding editions of "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" were "cut," it may interest our readers to know that neither chapter nor scene has been cut out, but that, for business considerations, the English and American editions of the book have now been brought into harmony by the omission of five lines in the former.

Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") is already at work on a new novel, but the manuscript is not likely to be completed for at least two years.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new novel, to which he has given the title of "Paul Kelver," will, as at present arranged, be published in the autumn of this year or the spring of next year. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are the publishers of the English edition; Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will issue the book simultaneously in New York.

We hear that Mr. Richard Whiteing's new novel will not, as was anticipated, be ready for publication in book form this year.

Miss Margaret Todd ("Graham Travers"), has practically completed a new novel, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish in the near future.

Much sympathy will be felt with Dr. George Macdonald in the death of his wife. Mrs. Macdonald was three years older than her distinguished husband, and had passed her eightieth year. Since Dr. Macdonald's breakdown in health some years ago, she has been his devoted attendant, and she maintained her vigour wonderfully till a very recent period, when her health seemed to collapse almost suddenly. Some members of Dr. Macdonald's family are with him at Bordighera, and he will remain there until the spring.

Mr. Bram Stoker, whose excellent novel, "Dracula," scarcely had full justice, has been correcting proofs of his new story, "A Mystery of the Sea," during his tour in America with Sir Henry Irving. The scene of the story is laid in Scotland, and the book will be published shortly by Mr. William Heinemann.

The large illustrated history of English literature, by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse, which Mr. Heinemann is to publish in four volumes, is not yet completed. Two volumes, however, are nearly ready, and it is thought that they may be published about the time of the Coronation. There are whispers of an appropriate dedication.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, have appointed Mr. J. B. Gilder, of the New York *Critic*, their London representative. Mr. Gilder expects to arrive in London by the end of March. He will act as literary adviser for the firm in England, and will also represent them in the purchase of rare books. By-and-by it is probable that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will begin to publish in London, like Messrs. Harper, Messrs. Putnam, and other well-known firms, but this is not definitely decided on yet. Mr. Gilder proposes to spend a month or two of every year in America, so as to keep thoroughly in touch with both countries.

Mr. John Lane, who has sold in England and America just upon 100,000 copies of Henry Harland's "Cardinal's Snuff Box," will have ready about the middle of March a new volume by the same author, entitled "Lady Paramount."

Mr. Grant Richards will publish during March a new humorous book by Barry Pain. It is to be called "The One Before."

Mr. Lane has in the press a new novel by the author of "The Column." The title of the work, however, Mr. Charles Marriott has not yet fixed upon.

Mr. Grant Richards will issue immediately an important work entitled "Liberalism: An Attempt to State the Principles and Proposals of Contemporary Liberalism in England." Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.A., the author of the book, has been engaged upon it for the last ten years. We understand that the subject is dealt with in quite an impersonal manner. Mr. Asquith, who has read the manuscript, has written an introduction to the work, which will be published at 5s.

Miss Margaret Warrender is at present engaged on a life of the late Lady John Scott, the authoress of the world-famous song, "Annie Laurie."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.
A new writer who is rapidly coming to the front.
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Russell & Sons.*

We understand that the statement published in our last number to the effect that Mr. Eden Phillpotts' novel, "Sons of the Morning," has been dramatised by Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. E. A. Bennett, is entirely without foundation, and we regret to have given it currency.

Mr. Henry James' new novel will be entitled "The Wings of the Dove."

Mr. John Long will publish this spring a novel by Bernard Capes called "The Mill of Silence."

Mr. Morley Roberts has completed a new novel dealing with literary and artistic life in London.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying photograph of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose new book, "The Defendant," is reviewed in this number by Mr. Quiller Couch. Considering he is not yet twenty-seven years old, Mr. Chesterton has already achieved much. He is at present one of the leader writers and chief literary critics on the *Daily News* and a constant contributor to the leading literary periodicals, and he has just received an invitation from Mr. John Morley to write the work on Browning for the British Men of Letters Series. Mr. Chesterton has been a regular contributor to these columns, and it is with particular pleasure that we recall the fact that his first critical work appeared in THE BOOKMAN.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new novel, "Margaret Vincent," will, on conclusion of its serial publication in "The Queen," be published in book form by Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn has, we hear, recently been writing a new play in collaboration with a friend.

Miss Le Feuvre has recently completed the manuscript of a sequel to "Odd." The new book is to be entitled "Odd Made Even."

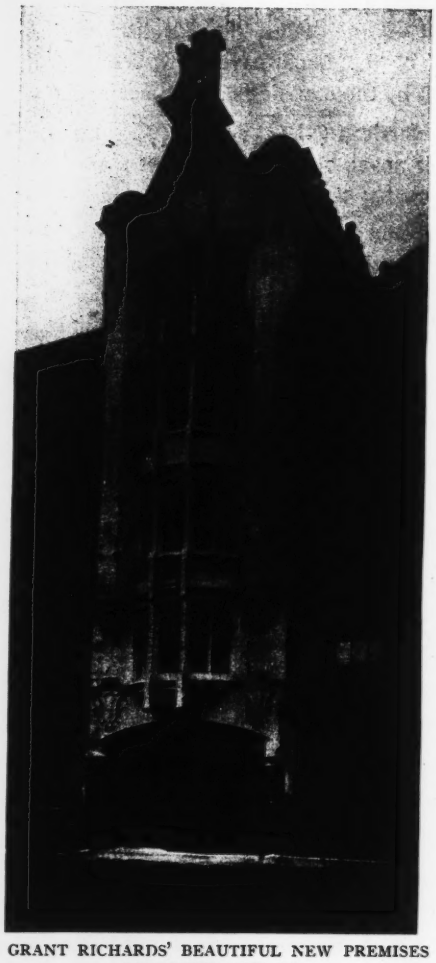
"Graham Hope's" new novel is, we understand, to be entitled "Lord Winchenden," and will probably be published in the spring of this year. It is to bear the imprint of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

A new volume of stories from the pen of Mr. Bret Harte will shortly be published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.

Mrs. Lee-Hamilton is engaged writing a new novel, which will be published in the first instance serially in one of the periodicals appealing more particularly to women.

Mr. Bertram Mitford has just completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled "The Word of the Sorceress." It will be published in the spring of this year.

Max O'Rell's new volume may probably be called "Studies in Cheerfulness." It will be published by



MR. GRANT RICHARDS' BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMISES IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus, but it need not be expected for some time.

The clever little book entitled "Lives of the 'Lustrious" is attributed to Mr. E. V. Lucas and Mr. C. L. Graves of the *Spectator*.

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, the well-known traveller, has in the press a new volume on the Philippine Islands and the Pacific, which is the outcome of his recent journey in those regions. The work will be very profusely illustrated from photographs taken on the spot. The publisher will be Mr. William Heinemann.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. are publishing an interesting work by Messrs. R. N. Hall and W. G. Neale on "The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia." Mr. Neale has for five years been engaged in examining and exploring the country. The fund of information gained in his prolonged researches is both voluminous and important, as it overwhelmingly confirms, from altogether new sources, many of the opinions advanced by such eminent authorities as Mr. Theodore Bent, Dr. Schlichter, Sir John Willoughby, and many other writers of equal importance. The work is profusely illustrated with numerous photographs and plans.

Some time ago we announced that Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower would produce a further volume of "His Reminiscences." The work, we understand, will be published shortly by Mr. Murray. It deals with the last twenty years, and among the many distinguished men and women mentioned in its pages are Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, His Majesty the King, the Empress Frederick, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, and a host of other eminent and interesting personages.

A book that is just now having an enormous sale in America, and for which its publishers are taking whole pages in the newspapers, is a historical work by Mrs. Hartwell Catharwood. The title of the novel is "Lazzarre." It is the story of the dauphin son of Marie Antoinette, who it was generally supposed was starved to death in a French prison, but who Mrs. Catharwood has substantial reasons for believing was abducted, and spent the remainder of his life in America. The English rights of the book have been secured by Mr. Grant Richards, who will publish the work at an early date.

The most complete and up-to-date book on Persia will doubtless be the volume that Major Percy Molesworth Sikes is about to publish through Mr. Murray. It will be entitled "Ten Thousand Miles in Persia," and it is a record of eight years of constant travel in Eastern and Southern Iran. What will add greatly to the value of the volume will be the special reference made by the author to the geography and history of the country as well as its commercial resources, and the opening up of trade routes. The work will contain over 100 illustrations.

Miss Silberrad's new novel is to be entitled "A Daughter of Ishmael."

Mr. Dooley's "Opinions" will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann.

The excellent work done by Mrs. Edward Garnett in her translations of Tourguenev and Tolstoy is widely recognised. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Garnett practically taught herself Russian. She had the assistance of Russian friends in London, but she spent only a month or six weeks in Russia.

From Photo by] DR. DAVID PATRICK. *[Webster, Edinburgh.*

The Editor of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia of Literature," reviewed in this number by Dr. Richard Garnett.

Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons have decided to add to their successful series "The Miniature Lives of the Painters," Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Leighton.

Mr. John Murray has in the press a new novel by Edith Wharton, entitled "The Valley of Decision." Her previous work, "A Gift from the Grave," created a very favourable impression at the time of its appearance. "High Treason," a tale of the days of George the Second, is the name of another work of fiction that will be shortly issued from the same house.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

DEC. 21ST, 1901, TO JAN. 20TH, 1902.

With the issue of the present report the record of another year's trade is closed, a year in which, although a large amount of business has been transacted, has yet proved far from satisfactory. The war, with its uncertainties and many calls upon the public purse, has continued to bear hardly upon the book trade, for to a very large percentage of people books are distinctly a luxury, and one of the first to be foregone when an increased outlay is necessary for necessities.

The week before the Christmas Festival was certainly a very busy one, and much activity was necessary to deal with the orders from both town and country; but, with probably the exception of the 6s. novel, the usual intensity in the demand was considerably less than was anticipated.

As is usual, a period of slackness since that time has prevailed, and for a few weeks the issue of any works of importance has ceased. In 6s. novels, "The Green Turbans," by J. M. Cobban, and "The Yellow Fiend," by Mrs. Alexander, have been the most prominent. There has been a steady demand for several of the already popular works.

With the expiration of copyright in several of the works of Darwin an increased demand has been experienced, and Mr. J. Murray's cheaper reprints have been especially in request.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has caused the appearance of several works upon the subject, and the December issue of the *Nineteenth Century* was early exhausted.

The approaching Coronation has materially increased the sale of "English Coronation Records," by L. G. W. Legg.

Probably owing to the greater freedom with which the authors deal with events which have come under their notice, several works dealing with the experiences of the Yeomanry during the South African campaign have been very much in request, but the event of the month has been the issue of Dr. Conan Doyle's pamphlet, being at the same time an apology and also a refutation of the Continental slanders on the conduct of the troops.

Scholastic publications have commenced to move freely, chiefly, however, of an elementary character, such as Geographies and Histories.

Whitaker's Almanack and *Daily Mail* Annual have both been in constant demand; the former appears to have increased its popularity, and repeat orders have been numerous and large.

Amongst the magazines must be mentioned two recent productions, which continue to increase in popularity, the *Connoisseur* and the *Young Engineer*. Among the older issues there has been little change. *Household Words*, under the editorship of Mr. Caine, junior, has increased its circulation, perhaps owing to the system of bonusing, whereby a copy of "The Eternal City" is given to the vendor of a certain number of copies.

Sixpenny reprints are still selling freely.

The best selling books of the month:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Count Hannibal. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Green Turbans. By J. M. Cobban. 6s. (Long.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. 6s. (Duckworth.)
In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Love, Courtship, and Marriage. By E. J. Hardy. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
History of the Great Boer War. By A. C. Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
The War in South Africa. By A. C. Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
Rhodesia, and After. By S. H. Gilbert. 5s. net. (Simpkin.)
The Descent of Man. By Charles Darwin. 2s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
The Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. 1s. net. (J. Murray.)
English Coronation Records. By L. G. W. Legg. 31s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
"Daily Mail" Year Book. 1s. net. (Office.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)
Sixpenny Reprints, Magazines, and Periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 28—Great activity in all home departments on the first two days.
Jan. 4—Very slack.
,, 11—Moderately good in home departments, but slack in export.
,, 18—A fair week in both home and export.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1901, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1902.

The Christmas trade proved better than was anticipated, and several recently published books had quite a brisk sale. The most prominent of these were "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor; "The Velvet Glove," by H. S. Merriman; "Young Barbarians," by Ian Maclaren, and "Count Hannibal," by Stanley Weyman.

Almanacs, Annuals, and Yearly Volumes of serial publications, as usual, bulked largely in the business done, and the following claimed special notice: "Whitaker's Almanac" and "Peerage," "Who's Who," *Daily Mail* Year-Book, "Hazell's" and "Louis Wain's" Annuals.

As usual at this season several religious works and biographies are much in request, and the following were successful in finding popularity: "Light from the Holy Hills," by Rev. K. Moody-Stuart; "Times of Retirement," by Dr. Matheson; "The Sceptre without a Sword," by the same author; Dr. Moule's "Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year," and in biography, "The Life of Gipsy Smith," by himself.

The demand for war books was limited, but the sale of Doyle's "Great Boer War" was maintained, and the same writer's sixpenny work on the "Cause and Conduct of the South African Campaign" moved off in thousands.

The publication of Mr. Graham's "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century" recalled the great success of his former work on "Social Life," and Messrs. Chambers' first volume of their "Cyclopædia of English Literature" readily found readers. A book which continued to gain attention was Mr. Douglas' "The House with the Green Shutters," and the sales of Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady" were brisk as ever.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Velvet Glove. By Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
Count Hannibal. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Captain Bluitt. By Max Adeler. 6s. (Ward and Lock.)
Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)
Dumb. By Mrs. Forbes. 6s. (Chatto.)
Anticipations. By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Yellow Fiend. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)
House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Light from the Holy Hills. By Rev. K. Moody-Stuart. 2s. 6d. (Morgan and Scott.)
The Sceptre without a Sword. By Dr. Matheson. 1s. (Clarke.)
Times of Retirement. By Dr. Matheson. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
The Great Boer War. By Dr. Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
The War in South Africa. By Dr. Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
Chambers' Dictionary of English Literature. Vol. I. 10s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)
The World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. net. (Richards.)
Culture and Restraint. By Rev. Hugh Black. 6s. (Hodder.)
Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

FEBRUARY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

February 5th.

RITCHIE, M. J. G., AND WALTER HARRISON.—A.B.C. and Rules of Table-Tennis, 1/- ..... *Pearson*
WINBOLT, F. T.—Frithiof the Bold, 2/6 ..... *Sonnenschein*
YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.—Reasons Why I Am a Catholic and Not a Roman Catholic, 6d. ..... *Gardner, Darton & Co.*
Little Heartsease Text Book, 6d. ..... *Gardner, Darton & Co.*
LOCKHART.—Life of Scott. In Ten Vols. Vol. I. 10/6 net each *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
The Century Bible: Hebrews. Edited by Prof. A. S. Peake, M.A. *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

February 6th.

CHESNEY, WEATHERBY.—The Foundered Galleon, 6/- *Methuen*
TOYNBEE, DR. PAGET.—Dante's Paradiso. Reprint, with Introduction. 1/6 and 2/6 net ..... *Methuen*
TOYNBEE, DR. PAGET.—Dante Studies and Researches, 10/6 *Methuen*
INNES, A. D.—The British in India, 7/6 ..... *Methuen*
LUSH, CHARLES K.—The Autocrats, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
STEPHENSON, REV. J.—Great Truths of the Christian Faith, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

February 10th.

AMBER, MILES.—Wistons, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
HILL, GEOFFREY, M.A.—The Aspirate, 3/6 net ... *Fisher Unwin*
LODGE, MRS. E.—The Rector's Temptation, 6/- *Digby, Long & Co.*
HUME, FERGUS.—The Pagan's Cup, 6/- ... *Digby, Long & Co.*
FITZGERALD, G. B.—Dear Paul, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long & Co.*
MEAKIN, BUDGETT.—The Moors, 15/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
MERCIER, DR. C.—Text Book of Insanity, 6/ ..... *Sonnenschein*

February 11th.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! Vol. I. Edition de Luxe. 10/6 net ..... *Macmillan*
KIDD, BENJAMIN.—The Principles of Western Civilisation, 15/- net ..... *Macmillan*

February 12th.

FINNEMORE, JOHN.—The Lover Fugitives, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
WESTCOTT, E. N. (Author of "David Harum").—The Teller, 3/6 net ..... *Pearson*
BEAVAN, ARTHUR H.—Crowning the King, 2/6 ..... *Pearson*
HUME, FERGUS.—Lady Jezebel, 2/- ..... *Pearson*
WILKINSON, DYKE.—A Wasted Life, 5/- ..... *Grant Richards*
PENDLETON, JOHN.—How to Succeed as a Journalist, 3/6 *Grant Richards*
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE.—The Strenuous Life, 6/- *Grant Richards*
GALEN, LUCAS.—Hospital Sketches, 1/- ..... *Grant Richards*
ARKWRIGHT, J. S.—The Last Muster, and Other Poems, 3/- net *Grant Richards*

February 13th.

MORFILL, W. R.—A History of Russia, 7/6 ..... *Methuen*
FERRIER, SUSAN.—Marriage. New Edition, with Introduction. 1/6 and 2/6 net ..... *Methuen*
HALL, R. N., AND W. G. NEAL.—The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia, 21/- net ..... *Methuen*
MACMILLAN, M.—Julius Cæsar. New Edition. 3/6 *Methuen*
BARING GOULD, S.—Kitty Alone, 6d. ..... *Methuen*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Drift, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

February 14th.

KERR, DR. JOHN.—Memories: Grave and Gay, 6/- *Blackwood*

February 15th.

RITCHIE, PROF. D. G.—Studies in Political and Social Ethics, 4/6 ..... *Sonnenschein*
DELBOS, LEON, M.A.—Nautical Terms in English and French and French and English. New Edition *Williams & Norgate*
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Bleak House. Christmas Stories. (Oxford India Paper, Vols. 9 and 10). 2/6 net and 3/6 net each ..... *Frowde*

February 17th.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF HER MOTHER TO ELIZABETH."—The Grandmother's Advice to Elizabeth, 1/- and 2/- *Fisher Unwin*
MILLER, WILLIAM.—Mediæval Rome, 5/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
SAMUEL, HERBERT.—Liberalism: An Attempt to State the Principals and Proposals of Contemporary Liberalism, 5/- *Grant Richards*

February 18th.

ELIOT, GEORGE.—Scenes of Clerical Life. The Million Library. 1/6 ..... *Walter Scott*

February 20th.

MILES EUSTACE, H.—Avenues to Health ..... *Sonnenschein*
RUSSELL, C. H.—A Parallel Greek and Latin Syntax *Sonnenschein*
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.—The Heart of the Ancient Wood, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
BURN, REV. J. H. (Editor).—Thoughts and Counsels of Many Years, 2/6 ..... *Methuen*
DENNY, C. E.—The Romance of Upfold Manor, 6/- ... *Methuen*
HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—Mr. Horrocks, Purser, 6/- *Methuen*
WHITAKER, REV. CANON G. H.—Ephesians, 1/6 net *Methuen*

February 21st.

BUCHAN, REV. JOHN.—The First Things, 5/- net *Blackwood*

February 24th.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Blue Lilies, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
GOULD, F. C.—Froissart, Modern Chronicles, 3/6 ... *Fisher Unwin*

February 25th.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Abbot. 2 Vols. Edinburgh Waverley. 6/- each ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

February 26th.

CAMPBELL-DAVIDSON, LILLIAS.—The Theft of a Heart, 6/- *Pearson*
FERMOR, MARY.—Home Pets, Furred and Feathered, 2/6 *Pearson*
MURRAY, JAMES A. H., AND HENRY BRADLEY, Editors.—Oxford English Dictionary, Reissue in Monthly Parts. March. 3/6 ..... *Clarendon Press*
GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Labyrinth, 6/- *Grant Richards*
CATHARWOOD, MARY H.—Lazzarre, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*
BUNYAN, JOHN.—The Pilgrim's Progress. World's Classic. 1/- and 2/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
PEACOCK, WADHAM.—Story of the Inter-University Boat Race, 2/- ..... *Grant Richards*
DIXON, CHARLES.—Birds' Nests, 6/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
BICKNELL, ETHEL, AND CARTON M. PARK.—A Dog Book. Dumpy Book Series. 1/6 ..... *Grant Richards*

February 27th.

SATCHELL, WILLIAM.—The Land of the Lost, 6/- ... *Methuen*
BARR, ROBERT.—The Mutable Many, 6d. ..... *Methuen*
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Master of Beechwood, 6/- *Methuen*
DUTT, W. A.—A Little Guide to Norfolk, 3/- and 3/6 net *Methuen*

February 28th.

BUCHAN, JOHN.—The Watcher by the Threshold, 6/- *Blackwood*

Books to be Published during February, dates not fixed.

BROWN, ROBERT, JUNR., F.S.A.—Mr. Gladstone as I Knew Him, and Other Essays, 7/6 ..... *Williams & Norgate*
CHURCH, A. H.—On the Relation of Phyllotaxis to Mechanical Laws. Part II. 5/- ..... *Williams & Norgate*
VOGEL, HARRY B.—Gentleman Garnet, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*
HOWARTH, ANNA.—Nora Lester, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*
LONDON, JACK.—The God of His Fathers, 6/- ..... *Isbister*
MACMANUS, SEUMAS.—Donegal Fairy Stories, 6/- ... *Isbister*
CUYLER, REV. THEODORE L., D.D.—Twenty-two Talks on Everyday Religion, 2/6 ..... *Isbister*

March 1st.

HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—Further Adventures of Captain Kettle, 6d. *Pearson*

March 3rd.

CAMPBELL-DAVIDSON, LILLIAS.—Confessions of a Match-Making Mother, 1/- and 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

The Reader.

GEORGE BORROW: HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS.

By Thomas Seccombe.

GEORGE HENRY BORROW, to give him for once at any rate his full baptismal name, was born at East Dereham, "a beautiful little town in the Western Division of Norfolk," on 5th July, 1803. His father, Thomas Borrow, who died captain and adjutant of the West Norfolk Militia, was the scion of an ancient but reduced Cornish family; his mother, Ann Petrement, was a native of Norfolk, and descended from a family of French Protestants, banished from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Such, in substance, is Borrow's own sufficient account of his lineage. "Pretty quiet Dereham," his earliest home, is often referred to in terms of affection in his books, notably in the *Romany Rye*. Having abandoned the simple faith of his childhood, the interior of a church had grown unfamiliar to him, when, in 1825, he accompanied four gipsy-friends to the parish church of Willenhall, in Staffordshire; but he has left us a moving record of how the enchantment of "England's sublime liturgy" brought back to him the innocent dreams that he dreamed as a child "in the pew of the old church at pretty D." Dereham was the retreat in those days of a Lady Bountiful in the person of Dame Eleanor Fenn, relict of the worthy editor of the *Paston Letters*. It is better known in literary history as the last resting-place of a sad and unquiet spirit, escaped from a world in which it had known nought but sorrow, of "England's sweetest and most pious bard," William Cowper. The literary pilgrims of the future will have a twofold object at Dereham; they will turn from the shrine of one of the most timid to the birthplace of one of the most robust among men of letters. Stranger, however, even than the contrast between the two men is the fact of their common subjection, though in very different degrees, to the blight of religious terror.

Borrow's connection with Dereham was severed at an early age, and though he kept a warm place for it in his recollections, throughout all his nomadic wanderings he rarely, if ever, revisited it in later life. From Norfolk he rambled far and wide with his family and "the regiment." In 1810 the Borrows were settled at Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire, not very far from Whittlesea Mere, noted in the Borrovian "Odyssey" as the scene of the first encounter with the immortal Jasper Petulengro, the crallis or chief of the smith tribe of gipsies, whose capital was Norwich. Many wanderings brought the Norfolk Militia in 1813 to Edinburgh; in 1815 they were at Clonmel, and it was not until the summer of 1816, that, the war being definitely over and done with, they were permitted to return to their headquarters in Norwich with a view to being disbanded. Captain Borrow, a fine old soldier and a modest worshipper of established authority, combining a tenderness of heart with a fondness for military metaphor that frequently suggest "My Uncle Toby," fixed his final encampment at Norwich. He took a small house in Willow Lane, reached by a narrow passage now known as Borrow's Court, and there he abode for the remaining eight years of his life, supporting his wife and two sons (John was sixteen and George thirteen at the time of the Norwich settlement in 1816) on his modest retired pay of eight shillings a day (£146 per annum).

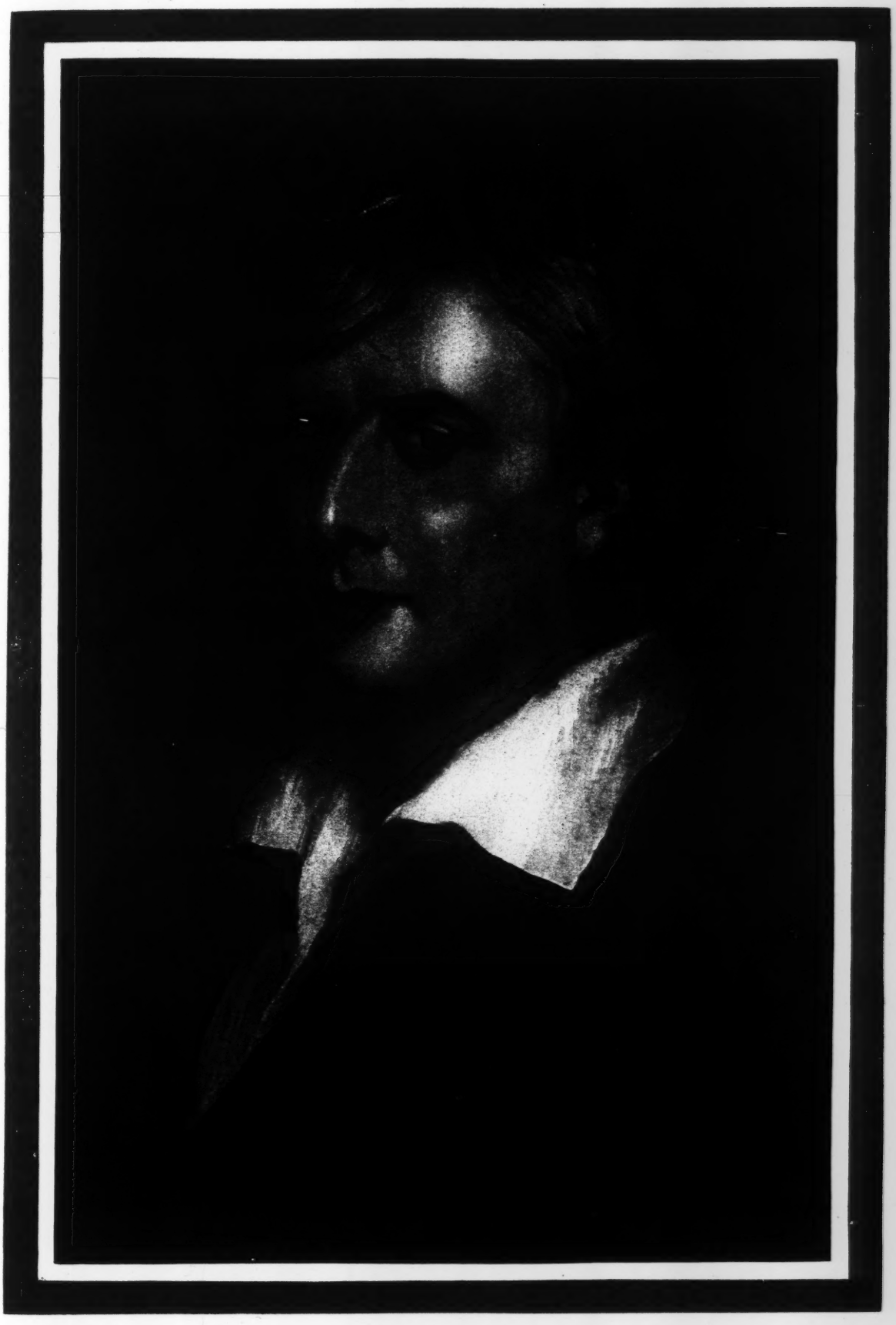
Notwithstanding his exiguous income, Captain Borrow was enabled to afford his son, what George called the "advantage of being educated at some of the first schools of Britain," viz., Edinburgh High School, where Scott was educated, and where Borrow had as playmates four grandsons of the dramatist, Richard Cumberland, and Norwich Grammar School, then (1816-19) under the rod of Dr. Edward Valpy, where he is said to have been horsed to undergo a flogging on the back of the late James Martineau. In the neighbourhood of Norwich, Borrow's favourite haunts were Eaton, a hamlet south-west of the city, and Earlham Hall, the home of Joseph John Gurney. But he did not seek his associates from among the Society of Friends. One of the most glorious traditions of the Borrow family was the bit of a scrap which the captain once had with the noted pugilist "Big Ben" Bryan. George's attraction to the ring was thus both hereditary and instinctive, and he probably thought himself a very lucky youth when he got an introduction to the charmed circle through the medium of John Thurtell. Thurtell was not a great bruiser himself, but he was a popular sportsman; his house on the Ipswich road was a favourite rendezvous for the

THE VILLAGE OF EAST DEREHAM, BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE BORROW.

Captain Thomas Borrow was often stationed at East Dereham, sixteen miles from Norwich, between the years 1792 and 1812, and in this village George Borrow spent much of his early childhood.

"I love to think on thee, pretty, quiet D——, thou pattern of an English country town, with thy clean but narrow streets branching out from thy modest market-place, with thine old-fashioned houses, with here and there a roof of venerable thatch, with thy one half-aristocratic mansion, where resided thy Lady Bountiful."—"Lavengro."

From a photograph specially taken for The Bookman *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*



George Borrow.

Reproduced by kind permission from the Picture by Thomas Phillips, R.A., in the possession of John Murray.
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Fancy, and there, apparently for the mere love of the thing, he gave the youthful George some lessons in the gentle art. The cup of Thurtell's notoriety was not filled until he appeared as protagonist on the scaffold at Hertford for the murder of Mr. William Weare. Borrow wrote of him more than once in *Lavengro*, in colours prophetically lurid. Another haunt was Tombland Fair, where Borrow encountered his old acquaintance Jasper Petulengro, in whose company he visits the gipsy settlement on Mousehold Heath, and gains a practical familiarity with Rommany as spoken in 1818. Mousehold Heath was much to him what Kelso was to Sir Walter; it supplied the distinctive colouring by which all his best work was dominated. But there were other creative influences at work during this impressionable period. He learned modern languages from Thomas D'Eterville, one of the *émigrés* of 1792, a true disciple of the *ancien cour*, who placed Boileau high above Dante. With the acquisition of a fair smattering of Irish and of Gipsy, Borrow's ambition to attain fame as a polyglot had already declared itself, and with D'Eterville's aid he added three languages to his list—French, Spanish, and Italian. A more difficult acquisition was that of German, but Borrow had the advantage here of the aid and sympathy of one of the greatest popularisers of German that had hitherto appeared in England. This was William Taylor, the early and intimate friend of Southey, and the inspirer by means of his versions of German ballad poetry, of Scott's taste, not only for German, but also for verse composition. He was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men that Norwich has produced, but, as was natural in a provincial capital, he was disliked for his heterodoxy and his advanced views, and his terrible influence over orthodox young men was held up to severe reprobation by the Harriet Martineaus of the hour. Much more dangerous to Borrow than the influence of "Godless Billy" proved the flattery and plausibility of an established polyglot to whom Taylor introduced him. This was Sir John Bowring, a man who used his facility in acquiring and translating tongues deliberately as a ladder to an administrative post abroad. Borrow, as was perhaps natural, put a wrong construction upon his sympathy, and his apparently disinterested ambition to leave no poetic fragment in Russian, Swedish, Polish, Servian, Bohemian, or Hungarian unrendered into English. He determined to emulate a purpose so lofty in its detachment, and the mistake cost him dear, for it led him for long years into a veritable *cul-de-sac* of literature; it led also to the accentuation of that pseudo-philological mania which played such havoc with the orderly development of rational ideas in a man in many respects so sane as Borrow.

BLYTH FARM, DUMPLING GREEN, EAST DEREHAM,
Where George Borrow was born, on the 5th day of July, 1803.

"An isolated farm, situated in a tract of high table-land, one and a half miles south-east of the market-place of Dereham. From the general configuration of the district, it enjoys the euphonious designation of Dumpling Green."—Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow, by W. I. Knapp.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

In the meantime the worthy Captain Borrow, who regarded his son's philological tendencies with grave suspicion, was not unmindful of his practical interests. He made arrangements at the close of 1818 for George's apprenticeship to an eminent solicitor in Norwich, William Simpson, of Tuck's Court. "God bless him," wrote Borrow, many years later, "I think I see him now with his bald shining pate and his finger on an open page of Preston's *Conveyancing*." In Borrow's plan for the mastery of strange tongues there was no room for Coke and Blackstone; when he should have been transcribing legal documents, he buried himself within the womb of a lofty deal desk, immured in the study of the Welsh bard, Ab Gwilym. At the expiration of his articles he modestly admits he knew little of the law; but he "was acquainted with all the Celtic and Gothic dialects," and with the jargon of the English gipsies, "consisting of about 1,127 words, picked up amongst the wandering tribes, with whom he had formed an acquaintance on Mousehold."

By the time his articles expired his father was dead (he died in Feb., 1824), and Borrow "had little to depend upon but the exercise of his abilities, such as they were." He determined to betake himself to London, and gain his livelihood as a writer. His immediate ambition can be defined pretty clearly. It was something between Goldsmith's and Chatterton's. He was to produce outlandish ballads, nominally at any rate translations; he was at all hazards to write something grand; "to be stared at—lifted on people's shoulders." Eventually he might write plays, epics, Homeric odes; while incidentally he fancied himself abusing religion, and becoming a glorious martyr of infidelity. Anything in the meantime to get away from the dulness of Norwich. In this wise Borrow started to make his fortune on 1st April, 1824, taking the fourteen-hour

night coach from Norwich to London. The details of his disillusionment, of his servitude to that most philanthropic of sweaters and impracticable of faddists, the bookselling alderman Sir Richard Phillips, and the manner of his compiling the "Celebrated Trials" (forming the Newgate Calendar, published in 1825), all this is unfolded with minuteness and upon the whole with accuracy in the pages of *Lavengro*. Borrow seems to have lodged in the neighbourhood of Bedford Row, and to have paid occasional visits to his taskmaster in the comparative retirement of Tavistock Square. Early in 1825 the patience, not of Borrow, but of his employer, was exhausted, for Borrow had proved himself incapable of translating Phillips's so-called *Philosophy* into German. Borrow in his own summarised autobiography puts the facts euphemistically as follows: "For some time he was a hack author, doing all kind of work for booksellers. For one in particular he prepared an edition of the *Newgate Calendar*, a book from the careful study of which he has often been heard to say that he first learned to write genuine English. His health failing, he left London, and for a considerable time led a life of roving adventure." Some twenty years later, in his famous autobiographical romance of *Lavengro*, Borrow detailed his sufferings with a vividness which shows plainly enough the mark of the iron. The period of Grub Street obscurity was terminated by the unexpected sale of a manuscript for £20. Borrow broke his chain, and escaped to the country, to the dingle, and to Isopel Berners. With his emancipation from town life a new graphic impulse is developed. Borrow now in his autobiographical writing seizes a new palette, and sets to work with fresh colours upon a stupendous canvas. The central portion of this marvellous composition is occupied by the Dingle episode, in which Lavengro (the "word-master," Borrow's gipsy name for himself) is revealed to us in conflict with "the flaming tinman," and in colloquy with his old friend Jasper, with a wicked papistical propagandist of infinite charm, "the man in black," with the typical gipsy chi, Ursula, and with the peerless Isopel Berners. Isopel was a tall blonde (a "strapper," over six feet in height) of the humblest origin,

THE PARISH CHURCH, EAST DEREHAM,

Where Borrow's parents were married, and where George Borrow was baptised.

George Borrow's parents were married in the Parish Church, East Dereham, on February 11th, 1793, and their second son was baptised under the name of George Henry Borrow in the same church on the 17th of July, 1803, three years after the remains of Cowper had been laid to rest.

"Pretty, quiet D——, with thy venerable church, in which moulder the mortal remains of England's sweetest and most pious bard."—"Lavengro."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

but of a truly noble spirit, by whom Borrow was irresistibly attracted. At the same time he could hardly fail to reflect that an alliance with his "Brynhildic queen" would involve the irremediable ruin of all the deepest

THE PORCH OF EAST DEREHAM CHURCH.

"It appeared as if I had fallen asleep in the pew of the old church of pretty D——. I had occasionally done so when a child, and had suddenly woke up. Yes, surely I had been asleep and had woke up; but no! alas, no! I had not been asleep—at least not in the old church; if I had been asleep, I had been walking in my sleep, struggling, striving, learning, and unlearning in my sleep. . . . Was it not the magic of the words which brought the dear enchanting past so powerfully before the mind of Lavengro? for the words were the same sonorous words of high import which had first made an impression on his childish ear in the old church of pretty D——."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

seated ambitions of his life. His dilemma was a perplexing one, and he dallied with it with a waywardness truly characteristic of him. He sought to postpone awkward decisions, to divert himself, and amuse Isopel by making his charmer learn Armenian—the language which he happened at the time to be studying. Isopel bore with it for some time, but the imposition of the verb to love in Armenian convinced her that the word-master was not only insane, but also inhuman. She ran away to the nearest seaport, and took shipping to America. Lavengro with some anguish steeled his heart against following her. The scene of these transactions was a wooded glen or dingle a few miles from Willenhall, in Staffordshire, where Lavengro and Isopel were encamped in their respective tents, having as their neighbours the gipsy clan of which Jasper was the chief. Upon the whole the Dingle chapters are perhaps the most brilliant and the most enduring that Borrow ever achieved. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are probably a naked transcript from actual fact, for Borrow was a poor hand at invention. He rarely if ever invented a character. His surest source of inspiration was the unadorned truth. This extraordinary episode was not concluded in *Lavengro*, which ends with a studied abruptness worthy of the *Sentimental Journey*; it was carried on to a conclusion in a sequel to which Borrow gave the name of *The Romany Rye*, or "Gipsy Gentleman." After the flight of Isopel, the author's adventures are carried on by means of a series of dissolving views, the narratives of strange characters whom Borrow meets on the road, and his own personal adventures. He

had the faculty of meeting with adventure upon the highway; every inn was the scene of potential romance. His power of fascinating us by the exercise of this faculty was just at its height when he pulls down the shutter abruptly, and leaves us in the dark. The history of his life having been told with increasing minuteness down to August, 1825, there follows—a blank. It is with great difficulty that the mere outlines of Borrow's life for the next eight years can be traced. We leave him at Horncastle with fifty or sixty guineas in his pocket as the result of a successful bit of horse-dealing, but the mere fact of how he subsisted during the next few years is more or less of a mystery. We know, however, that he was in Norfolk, at Norwich, translating his favourite bards, and publishing *Romantic Ballads* in 1826. He made a tour in the South of France, and went to Madrid and then to Genoa, whence he sailed to England in a practically destitute condition. In 1830 he was in lodgings at 17, Great Russell Street, endeavouring to obtain an appointment at the British Museum. Subsequently he was resuming his practice as a hack-writer, writing Tory leaders in East Anglian journals, waiting like Mr. Micawber for something to turn up, or in his own graphic phrase, "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again." About 1832 he became acquainted with the Skeppers of Oulton Hall, in that pleasant stretch of country which borders on the River Waveney. By Mrs. Clarke, the widowed sister of the owner of the Hall, he was introduced to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, rector of Pakefield, a fine type of the evangelical clergyman of a past generation, who had married the sister of Joseph John Gurney. It seemed to this good man that Borrow's remarkable linguistic talents might well be employed in the service of the Bible Society, of which the famous Norfolk Quaker was an influential member. Borrow's hour had now come; he was taken into the regular service of the Society upon an average salary of about £250, in addition to expenses, and was employed as a translator, editor, and colporteur of Bibles in strange lands. The labours of the next eight years of his life were as fruitful and honourable as those of the preceding eight had been desultory and obscure. His exploits in Russia, in Portugal, and in Spain were a favourite theme at all the public meetings of the Bible Society. Eventually he had difficulties with his sub-committee, and it was discovered that no sphere remained open in which his services could be utilised; but in the meantime he had fortunately provided for his future by marrying an old Norfolk friend and sympathiser, a widow with a good jointure (over £400 a year), and an "excellent woman of business," the aforesaid Mrs. Clarke. Borrow was now fifteen years older than when he had allowed Isopel Berners to escape from her Armenian tutor. The motives which prompted his alliance with a widow some seven or eight years his senior were evidently similar to those which actuated Disraeli in his marriage. The compact was based upon convenience and mutual esteem, and there is no reason to doubt that it conduced not only to Borrow's comfort and security, but also to his happiness. There were no children of the marriage. The daughter, whose accomplishments Borrow describes in the exordium to *Wild Wales* (1862), was his step-daughter, Henrietta Clarke.

The stirring events of Borrow's life were now over. The enforced activity which was to him as the breath of life was unhappily at an end. But he shone for the next ten years or so with a splendid radiance as a luminary of letters.

ERPINGHAM GATE, NORWICH, FROM THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

"A fine old city, truly, view it from whatever side you will; but it shows best from the east, where the ground, bold and elevated, overlooks the fair and fertile valley in which it stands. . . . I, myself, who was not born within her walls, offer up prayers for her prosperity."

(Reproduced from the new illustrated edition of "Lavengro" by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

His chief home during this period was at his wife's cottage at Oulton, near Lowestoft; the cottage stood some way back from the road, was well sheltered by trees, and beautified by a lawn leading down to Oulton Broad. Here he rapidly prepared for press *Zincali*, or the Gipsies of Spain, which evoked just sufficient interest to stimulate him to further efforts. The *Bible in Spain* was published by Murray at the end of 1842, and Borrow literally woke up to find himself famous. On the strength of such an unexpected accession of wealth he took an extended tour in 1844 through Vienna to the Balkan Peninsula, to Constantinople, and then homewards by way of Rome. After the appearance of *Lavengro* in 1851 a friendly Æsculapius, Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, of Bury, recommended Yarmouth, where they stayed at Camperdown and then at Trafalgar Place, as headquarters for the Borrow family. Thence George indulged his gipsy mood by rambles in his ancestral county of Cornwall. In 1854 he travelled in Wales with his wife and her daughter, next year he visited the Isle of Man, and in 1857 he was in Wales again. Will you have poor old Omar to travel with? wrote his neigh-

CAPTAIN BORROW'S HOUSE IN WILLOW LANE, NORWICH.

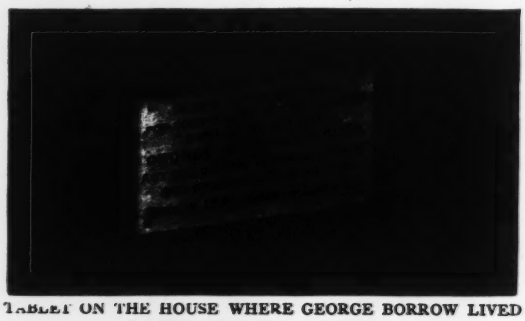
In 1816 the Borrows determined to take up their abode in Norwich. They leased a small house in Willow Lane, and here the family resided until after the death of George Borrow's father in 1824.

"There sat my father in the garden chair which leaned against the wall of his quiet home, the haven in which he had sought rest, and, praise be to God, found it, after many a year of poorly-requited toil."—"Lavengro."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

bour FitzGerald as he was starting on this occasion. The *Romany Rye* appeared in this year. In the autumn of the next, a horizontal slab, now nearly hidden by ivy, was placed in Oulton Churchyard: Sacred to the memory of Ann, widow of Capt. Thomas Borrow. "She was a good wife and a good mother." Borrow's subsequent holidays were in the Highlands, Galloway, the Scots Border, and Antrim. In 1860 the Borrows left Norfolk, and established themselves for a fourteen years' residence at 22, Hereford Square, Brompton, a house at a rental of £65, in which they are described as "comfortably off." Here Mrs. Borrow died in January, 1869. Borrow had summed her qualities compendiously seven years before in a passage in *Wild Wales*. "She is a perfect paragon of wives—can make puddings, and sweets, and treacle posset, and is the best woman of business in East Anglia." When in Hereford Square he had assured his neighbour, Miss Cobbe, that "no man could endure a clever wife." Borrow's life did not tend to grow more eventful. His later books had excited prejudice, and had not contributed to enhance his fame. Whether from shyness or self-sufficiency or mere reclusiveness, he became more and more isolated. He was now so little of a lion that the very fact of his continued existence was often called into question. He probably did well under the circumstances to return in 1874 to Oulton, where he was still widely remembered and well liked. At Oulton he spent many hours in a large wooden summerhouse on the border of the broad, where he had written his chief books. There he kept a strange collection of polyglot literature, philology, and poetry in strange tongues. Verses from these he was often heard chanting by startled rowers on the lake. His voice was still stentorian, and his figure was very impressive, for he stood 6 ft. 3. He had thick white hair and brown eyes, small but piercing, and occasionally fierce. Lady Eastlake, a hostile witness to the lion in 1844, describes his face as expressive of wrong-headed determination. Let the reader judge! An "extravagant tramper" (as Cowper less warrantably described himself) Borrow still occasionally trudged the twenty-five miles to Norwich as a cure for insomnia. In 1832, it was his proudest boast, he walked from Norwich to London, 112 miles, in twenty-seven hours, spending 5½d. on refreshment by the way. As he grew older he drank more water and less old ale, though he continued to eulogise the qualities of the latter as an invaluable specific for indecision or the spleen. Occasionally he revisited Norwich, and stayed at a house in Lady Lane, but it was at Oulton that he breathed his last on 26th July, 1881. He was buried nine days later beside his wife, in West Brompton Cemetery.

The last two decades of his threescore and eighteen years had been spent for the most part in a moody inactivity. If an administrative post could have been found for him abroad, or a roving commission created for his benefit, hard work might have done much to exorcise his melancholy. As it was, he very rarely came out of his shell. When he did, it was occasionally to do a kind action, more often to astound people by his unique knowledge of strange tribes, outlaws, and outlandish tongues. He was, in reality, a disappointed man. His unrivalled qualifications had failed to obtain for him the post for which he was best fitted, but to which he saw inferior men preferred. His two periods of literary expansiveness, the first stimulated by Taylor and Bowring, the second by Murray and Richard Ford, had both ended in embitterment. His originality had been fully recognised when the *Bible in Spain* appeared, but this initial success only served to emphasise the bitterness of defeat—for this was how Borrow regarded the failure of his originality to carry his darling *Lavengro* through the breakers. By his arrogant contempt for all contemporary reputations and prejudices, he had pro-



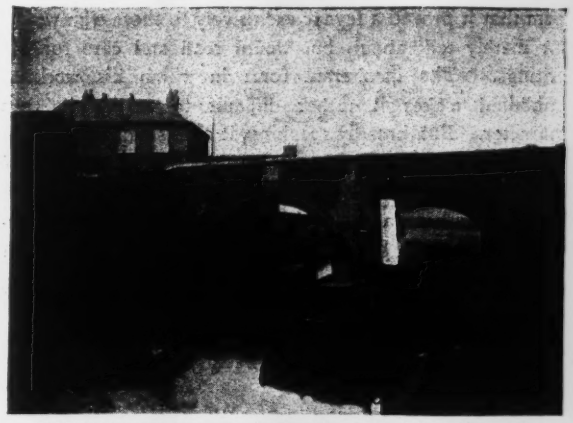
TABLET ON THE HOUSE WHERE GEORGE BORROW LIVED IN WILLOW LANE, NORWICH.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

jected his autobiographical masterpiece upon a line directly counter to the literary and social currents of the day, and naturally enough the critical billow broke over him. Borrow frankly disliked the spirit of increasing religious toleration and of plutocratic and industrial progress which stamped his day. As to word-painting, sentiment, and deference to the prejudices of earnest people, qualities so dearly prized by Englishmen of every rank and period, Borrow would have none of them. His ideal was to write about the abnormal (his life) quite naturally, as if there were nothing in it. As to natural scenery, he walked through it observantly, but he utterly refused to gaze upon and try to interpret it. To the genteel optimists of the ruling Manchester school his roadfaring and alehouse philosophy must have appeared as squalid as that of a veritable tramp. When we are upon his real or imagined faults we should not omit his philology, which frequently, it must be admitted, becomes a positive

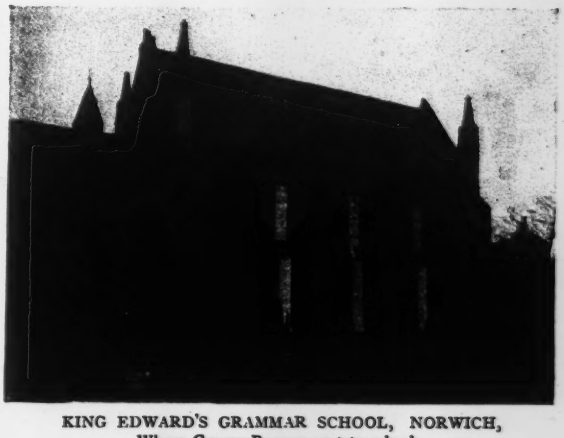
PORCH OF KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NORWICH.
"The Grammar School, founded in 1547, tempore King Edward the Sixth. It is situated in the Upper Close of the Cathedral near its western entrance, just inside the Erpingham Gate."—Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow, by W. I. Knapp.
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

bore. It was in truth the merest empiricism. He was completely ignorant of the study as it is seriously pursued. But great writers, like others, have usually their phylacteries and their mannerisms, and have we not much to condone in Sterne and Carlyle, not to speak of Jedediah Cleisbotham? Think what the reader would have lost had Borrow waited to verify his etymologies. Language was to him a means to an end, that "part of the secret" which he sought by addressing the shy races in their own tongue. Think too of what we should have lost in the way of vernacular and slang! "My grandfather was a shorter and my father was a smasher; the one was scragg'd and the other lagg'd." It is as well to-day to speak as freely as the heart desires about Borrow's prejudices and faults, for the day is evidently approaching when the increasing radiance of his genius will render it more and more difficult to recognise them. There is a tendency already to regard them as slight disfigurements inseparable from the heroic type of character; as an artistic relief for his inimitable gifts as a picaro, the unconscious creator of a style which alone could



THE NORMAN BRIDGE (BISHOP'S BRIDGE), NORWICH.
"At the foot of the heights flows a narrow and deep river, with an antique bridge communicating with a long and narrow suburb, flanked on either side by rich meadows of the brightest green, beyond which spreads the city, the fine old city, perhaps the most curious specimen at present extant of the genuine old English town. . . . Many a grisly procession has advanced along that suburb, across the old bridge, towards the Lollards' Hole: furious priests in front, a calm, pale martyr in the midst, a pitying multitude behind. It has had its martyrs, the venerable old town!"—"Lavengro."
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

have enabled his distinctive genius to give appropriate clothing to its conceptions; as a satirist, with an exceptional insight into the foibles of his fellow-countrymen; as the revealer of the depths that are rarely sounded of a singularly interesting yet unhappy personality; as a man who had striven earnestly in wanderings with Luther and with Bunyan in the dreadful valley "where hope dwelleth not, and nothing lives but the undying worm"; as the possessor, despite his melancholia, of a buoyant open-air quality which is well-nigh unrivalled in the world of letters. These are a few counts merely upon which mankind has arrived at the practical conclusion—that it cannot wisely afford to quarrel with George Borrow. For a quarter of a century the reading world was satisfied with a bowing acquaintance with the *Bible in Spain*. Those who pursued Borrow farther afield were earning distinction in their own eyes and the stigma of literary affectation in those of their acquaintance. In the meantime it was being observed by the wary that first editions of Borrow were at a premium, which showed no inclination to decline. Borrow's literary luck, which had played him false more than once, had been true to him in the end, for it inspired him to leave his work in such a



KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NORWICH,
Where George Borrow went to school.
"In 1816 George was entered as a pupil at King Edward's Grammar School, then conducted by Dr. Valpy, and remained a scholar there till 1818, when he attained his fifteenth year."—George Borrow in East Anglia, by W. A. Dutt.
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

form that it proved a legacy exclusively to those who would not merely talk about, but would read and care for his writings. The incoherent form in which his work is embodied makes it rather difficult to realise its true character. But, broadly speaking, it consists of two magnificent fragments of autobiography: Five Years of Wandering in Spain (*Bible in Spain*, to which the *Zincali* serves as a prelude), and Early Life and Adventures in Britain (*Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*). Both would have been added to but for Borrow's resentment at the attitude of his critics. Fragmentary as they are, they entitle Borrow to a place with Cellini and Casanova, Franklin, Pepys, and Rousseau among the greatest and most original of autobiographers; while in the hierarchy of English men of letters they entitle Borrow to a very high place in the very second rank, along with such as Robert Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and George Crabbe.

A LESSON IN FICTION.

A CORRESPONDENT has been good enough to send us the following:—

In turning over the file of the *Glasgow Herald* I came across the enclosed article, which may perhaps be interesting enough as a literary curiosity to warrant a note in THE BOOKMAN. The date is August 14th, 1889:—

The Indian mail brings an account of a curious episode in the Sikkim campaign. The story is not only interesting in itself, but it touches on several of those problems of heredity which puzzle and fascinate the scientific student. Among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had fallen, badly wounded, while defending one of the series of stone walls which the enemy had thrown up to stop the British advance. The man's appearance—his fair complexion, blue eyes, red hair, and robust build—attracted much attention, and the hospital doctor, a keen physiologist, convinced that his patient was of European extraction, left no stone unturned to discover his previous history. The man himself, Namgay Doola, had little to tell. In speech, habits, ways of thought, and dirt, he was manifestly Thibetan. He had been born in Sikkim some five-and-thirty years before; his mother was a Lepchani; his father, Timlay Doola, had had the same physical characteristics as himself; both were now dead, but Namgay had brothers and sisters in Thibet, some resembling himself in colour and stature, others like ordinary Thibetans. As the prisoner's wound healed and he grew strong, the astonishing facility with which he picked up English phrases gave a fresh edge to the doctor's curiosity; but all his inquiries proved fruitless, till one day, on visiting the Pemeancha Monastery, he was struck by the venerable appearance of one of the Lamas, and questioned him as to any recollections that might throw light on his physiological conundrum. The old priest was able to give him some assistance. He told him that very many years before a big, burly, red-headed European, dressed in a red coat and armed with a good gun, had come to Sikkim from Darjeeling with a Lepcha woman, her brothers, and their wives, and had settled down without molestation, till the British forces entered Sikkim in 1860, when they had emigrated in a body into Thibet. The doctor, so far confirmed in his conjectures, next made inquiries at Darjeeling, and more particularly at the Convalescent Depôt at Jalapahar. The information obtained at the depôt was complete and wholly satisfactory.

Among a batch of invalids sent to Jalapahar shortly after the establishment of the Convalescent Depôt there had been a wild, harum-scarum, red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been broken down by drink and the climate. Tim had been speedily captivated by the charms of a good-looking Lepchani, but the *liaison* had unfortunately not resulted in a moral reform. Tim grew careless and dirty in his habits; he often returned to the depôt in liquor, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last resolved to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. Next morning, however, Tim was not to be found anywhere. On search being made it was discovered that the Lepcha woman and her family had left for Sikkim, and a party of sappers was at once dispatched on their track. After a pursuit of three or four days the sappers returned, and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas on the further side of the Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his equipments with him, had halted and fired on them, and as they were afraid to go far into Sikkim they had returned. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who presumably led thenceforward a comfortable loafer's life as Timlay Doola. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with the prisoner's father was furnished by a messenger, who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breast-plate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross-belts, with the

EARLHAM HALL, NEAR NORWICH. "THE EARL'S HOME."

Earlham Hall was the residence of Joseph John Gurney (1788-1847), the Norwich banker and famous Quaker. A small stream, the Yare, ran through his estate, and along this watercourse it was Borrow's delight to angle.

"It has a stately look, that old building. You might almost suppose it an earl's home; and such it was, or rather upon its site stood an earl's home, in days of old, for there some old Kemp, some Sigurd, or Thorkild, roaming in quest of a hearthstead, settled down in the gray old time, when Thor and Freya were yet gods, and Odin was a portentous name. Yon old hall is still called the Earl's Home, though the hearth of Sigurd is now no more, and the bones of the old Kemp, and of Sigrith, his dame, have been mouldering for a thousand years in some neighbouring knoll."—"Lavengro."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

number of the regiment on it, a small, well-worn brass crucifix, and an old tobacco-stopper. One wonders what thoughts passed through Tim's red head as he looked on these relics of his past life—whether he ever regretted his soldiering days, or pictured to himself the ancestral hovel in the "ould counthry." When Tim's son was released with the other prisoners he did not at once return with them to Thibet, but lingered about the camp, with a feeling of reluctance to leave it which must have been inexplicable to himself. After a while, however, he departed, with a few presents and keepsakes from the men, and made his way back to his wife and family.

Whether Namgay Doola has transmitted to his children any of the peculiarities, physical or psychical, of their grandfather the narrative does not say; but one cannot read it without reverting to those curious discoveries recorded by travellers, of isolated tribes and communities, in which the presence of the blood of the white man is undeniably manifest. . . . Namgay Doola's facility in picking up English, and his attraction towards the British soldiers, suggest, indeed, possibilities out of which something might be made; but here, too, reversion is towards a lower, not a higher, condition of life. The instances are sufficiently numerous. . . . The blood of the Doolans will, therefore, in all probability effect little change among the mountain villages of Thibet. Aptitudes, vague longings, quick temper—what may be called unconscious reminiscences of Donnybrook, Father Phelim, Tim O'Hara's wake, the turf cabin and the black bog—may distinguish the Irish-complexioned children from their Lepcha-featured brothers and sisters for a generation or two, and then the red-coated deserter will disappear for ever. And yet, who knows? Inscrutable are the tricks of heredity. Timlay may reappear again and yet again, and the Irish blood spring up in a turbulent mountaineer destined to give trouble to some unlucky Viceroy of the future.

Of course you are familiar with "Life's Handicap," which contains much of the finest work Mr. Kipling has ever done, and you will remember "Namgay Doola," which, by the way, the late Mr. Francis Adams picked out for especial disparagement. Now, Mr. Kipling may not have seen this particular article—he may, for example, have found his facts in the Indian paper to which the writer refers—but at least we appear to have here the original crude material on which he worked. Like Molière, Mr. Kipling has a right to *prendre son bien où il le trouve*, and in his father's book, "Beast and Man in India," you will find, I suppose, the original folk-tale which he transmuted into that lovely idyll, "The Finances of the Gods." In "Namgay Doola," if you will take the trouble to compare it with the newspaper article, you will be amazed at the dramatic skill, the vivid and affluent imagination, the humour, the tenderness, and the natural magic with which he has made the sordid facts into a piece of creative art. From the first sentence to the last it is crammed with character and invention. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little *opera-bouffe* kingdom four miles square (but "most of the miles stood on end"), and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison because, having been once bedridden, he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut, and it holds the life of a man." Then there is the spirited

RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES', NORWICH.

On Monday, the 30th of March, 1819, George Borrow was articled for the term of five years to Messrs. Simpson and Rackham, lawyers.

"The scene of my labours was a strange old house, occupying one side of a long and narrow court, into which, however, the greater number of the windows looked not, but into an extensive garden, filled with fruit-trees. . . . I sat behind the deal desk, engaged in copying documents of various kinds, and in the apartment in which I sat, and in the adjoining ones, there were others, some of whom likewise copied documents, while some were engaged in the yet more difficult task of drawing them up; and some of these, sons of nobody, were paid for the work they did, whilst others, like myself, sons of somebody, paid for being permitted to work, which, as our principal observed, was but reasonable, forasmuch as we not unfrequently utterly spoiled the greater part of the work intrusted to our hands."

(Reproduced from the new illustrated edition of "Lavengro" by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

scene of the great deodar logs jammed in the Sutlej, and Namgay Doola, red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, leaps on to the timber and clears the dam. Irish of the Irish is all that follows, from the cattle-maiming to the Angelus, when the red-headed brats, standing in a semicircle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix, croon their heart-breaking hymn—

"Dir hané mard-i-vemen dir to weeree ala gee,"

which is all that the years have left them of

"They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

I fancy you will agree that Mr. Kipling's method here makes a capital lesson in fiction.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN A PARISIAN KIOSK.

THROUGH the biting cold of thirty-four Parisian winters, and the broiling heat of thirty-four summers, has Madame Duperron followed her vocation of newsvendor in the streets of Paris.

"The old Englishwoman," as Madame is called, is a well-known figure to most British and American visitors to the French capital, and there are few journalists from either side of the Atlantic who do not find time whilst staying in Paris to go and have a chat with the pleasant, cheery old lady, who sits from half-past seven in the morning until an hour after midnight every day, Sundays included, in Kiosk No. 12, in the Boulevard des Capucines.

MADAME DUPERRON, "THE OLD ENGLISHWOMAN" OF THE PARIS KIOSKS.

Among the great number of celebrities who have honoured Madame by purchasing their papers at her kiosk, she is proud to number King Edward VII., who never failed to send to her whenever he, as Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Paris.

It was shortly after Madame Duperron started as a newsvendor that the Franco-German war broke out. Those were bad times for newspaper sellers. All day long the old lady sat at her post during the siege of Paris, listening to the guns of the besiegers. She had little else to do in those days, for there were few papers to sell, and fewer buyers. Food was scarce, and it was a hard struggle to live, but luckily Madame's appetite was appeased with black bread and coffee, which was practically all she had to exist on during many weary months of waiting. Even now the old newsvendor's requirements appear to be of a very meagre description, and her meals, which she partakes of in her kiosk, consist apparently solely of hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, and coffee. Yet she looks well and hearty, has hardly known a day's illness, and says she cannot rest by her own fireside without fretting all the while to get back to her business. The old lady has not indulged in a holiday since she visited the country of her mother's birth nearly forty years ago.

The rents of the kiosks vary according to position from 15 francs to 100 per month. The widows and daughters of army men being entitled to rent them at the lower scales, some of the women who have established their claims, and do not intend to follow an occupation, find no difficulty in subletting them at a higher rental. It is indeed a very rare thing to see a kiosk unlet, although they are stationed every twenty or thirty yards along both sides of almost all the principal boulevards of Paris.

The kiosks are the property of the city, which in rent alone nets annually something like 480,000 francs, to which must be added a sum considerably in excess of this for their use as advertising mediums.

According to Madame Duperron, the newspaper business in Paris is not exactly a gold-mine as far as she is concerned, although after providing for out-going expenses she is just able to get along comfortably on what is left.

For English penny papers twenty centimes are paid, halfpenny papers fifteen centimes; these are retailed at twenty-five and twenty centimes, so that it will be seen that it is just as profitable to sell a penny as a halfpenny paper. For the sixpenny paper sixty and seventy-five centimes is the wholesale price.

There is no doubt that a large number of British and American visitors purchase their papers and magazines at "The Old Englishwoman's" kiosk, and the numbers of some of them that Madame sells are therefore interesting to note. The following is an average day's sale:—*Daily Telegraph*, 25; *Standard*, 16; *Morning Post*, 6; *Times*, 18; *Daily News*, 6; *Daily Chronicle*, 4; *Daily Mail*, 22; *Daily Express*, 6; *Daily Graphic*, 4; *New York Herald*, 50; *Galignani's Messenger*, 20; *Illustrated London News*, 6; *Graphic*, 6; *Sphere*, 3; *Black and White*, 6; *Sketch*, 4; *Tatler*, 3; *Harmsworth's Magazine*, 6; *Pearson's Magazine*, 6; *Strand Magazine*, 30; *Royal Magazine*, 6. Madame also has a fair sale for such publications as *Answers*, *Tit-Bits*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *Ally Sloper*, *Illustrated Bits*. Of the evening papers, the *Globe* comes first, followed by the *Evening Standard* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Unlike the usual custom in this country, where nearly all papers are supplied to newsvendors on sale or return, Madame Duperron can only order the number she is pretty sure of selling, as in the majority of cases no returns are taken. Madame is of the opinion that she would be able to do a larger business if the English custom was followed.

Of course the above figures can only be taken as average sales throughout the year. The busiest months for the "Old Englishwoman" are those in which the Americans flock to Europe and the Britisher passes through the French capital on his way to Continental holiday resorts. Perhaps the two busiest months of all are May and June. Madame's sales for purely French and Continental papers are small when compared with British and American publications.

XUM

New Books.

ARMENIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES.*

These two stately and beautifully illustrated volumes form a quite remarkable monument of labour, knowledge, and skill. To review them in the sense of giving any conception of their contents is quite impossible within our limits. Still less would it be possible to compress into a page of THE BOOKMAN any reasoned criticism. One can only state in general terms the impression that they make on a reader. If the impression had been unfavourable, I should not feel justified in expressing it, for it would be in the highest degree unjust to state without proper reasons an unfavourable opinion of a work which has involved such toil, and into which so many and so various facts are compressed. But the impression which the book makes is entirely favourable; and when one can honestly praise, one may do so briefly without arguing the grounds on which one rests.

The author (who is quite unknown to me) evidently knows a great deal about Asiatic Turkey—much more than I fancied it possible to acquire in the four journeys which he mentions having made in Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Persia, between 1889 and 1898. He does not speak merely like a tourist who has acquired by a few years' travel and study some knowledge of the country, but as one who easily and without effort expresses with strict accuracy what he has to say. The author who does that must speak from a large reserve of knowledge. I have sometimes declined to review books describing travel in Turkey from an unwillingness to undertake the unpleasant task of pointing out that the traveller's faithful description of what he had seen was marred by errors and misunderstandings. In Mr. Lynch's volumes one is troubled by nothing of that kind. He knows thoroughly; he observes and records accurately. The questions and reflections that rise in his mind and to his pen as he describes a journey are the right ones, and do not waste the reader's time on unimportant points. He knows what he ought to see, and what it is needless to look at. Perhaps the book becomes less interesting to the ordinary Western reader from its fulness. You must not know too much about a country if you want to interest the crowd in it; you must catch only the salient features, and describe them with the intense interest and strong emphasis of one to whom they are strange and novel. But Mr. Lynch tones down everything to its proper place and scale in the picture of land and people. His book, however, can be read repeatedly and found more instructive and interesting every time you re-open it. The more you learn, the better you will like it.

On page after page of his work there are questions one would like to ask and remarks to make. One of the most marked characteristics of a book which really adds to our knowledge is that it suggests far more problems than it answers. For example, I want to learn far more about that interesting Church of the Apostles at Ani (Vol. I., fig. 92, facing p. 386)—a building which one whose knowledge of Turkey has been gained further west would take unhesitatingly at the first glance for a work of some Seljuk Sultan, but which must exemplify the influence of Persian Mohammedan art exercised on Christian nations before the Seljuk conquest. The date of this remarkable church is given by Mr. Lynch as 1031 A.D.

* "Armenia: Travels and Studies." By H. F. B. Lynch. Vol. I. The Russian Provinces. Vol. II. The Turkish Provinces. 42s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES', NORWICH,

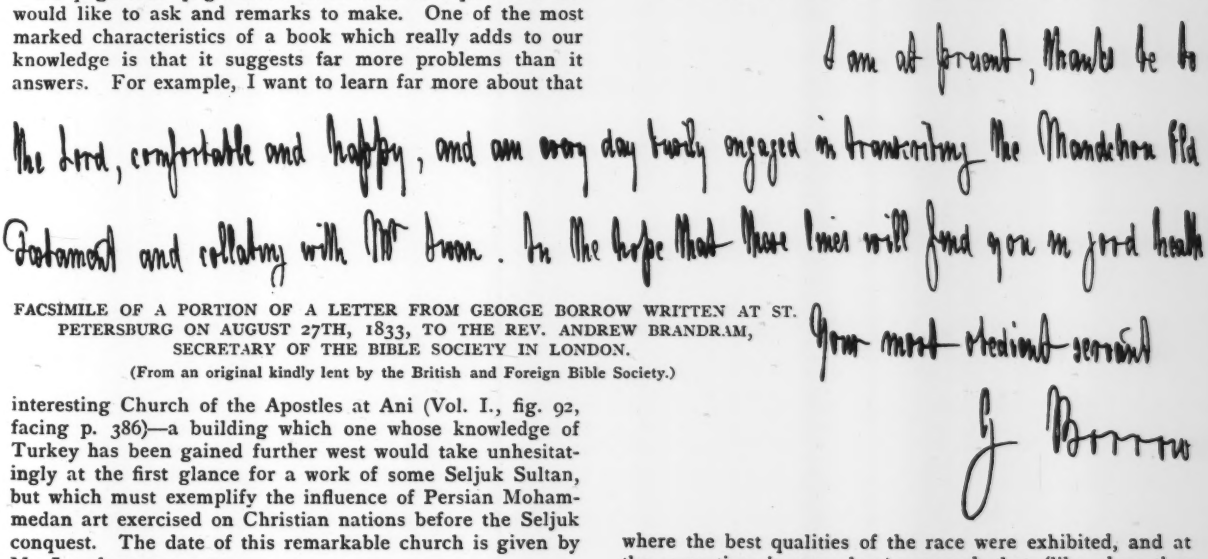
Showing the offices where Borrow was articled.

"My parents deemed it necessary that I should adopt some profession, they named the law; the law was as agreeable to me as any other profession within my reach, so I adopted the law, and the consequence was, that Blackstone, probably for the first time, found himself in company with Ab Gwilym. By adopting the law I had not ceased to be Lavengro."—"Lavengro."

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Charles Aldous, Norwich.*

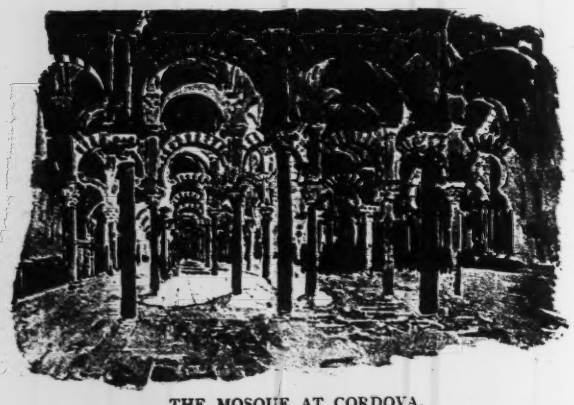
I refrain from saying much about the political aspect of the book, with which I find myself in strong sympathy. Mr. Lynch knows, and states clearly and emphatically, the bad qualities of the Armenian character; but he can also make sympathetic allowance for the long centuries during which it was a capital crime for an Armenian to possess any vestige of freedom in spirit, when his only chance of safety lay in the possession of money, and when money could hardly be acquired without indirect means and grasping rapacity. Sometimes, perhaps, he makes too much allowance; but I cannot blame him for that.

In his hurried allusion to the Armenian kingdom of Cilicia, or "Lesser Armenia," 1080-1375 A.D., the desire for brevity has resulted in a somewhat misleading statement: the Cilician Armenians, "the friends of the Crusaders, were at length overwhelmed by the Turks, who suppressed the dynasty." It was the Memluk Sultans of Egypt who destroyed the Armenian kingdom of Cilicia, and were in their turn ejected and conquered by the Turks. It does not enter into Mr. Lynch's plan to give more than a paragraph to that remarkable Armenian kingdom, in whose history there are some episodes that may almost be called heroic. But no description of the nation can be complete without taking account of Armenian Cilicia, where the best qualities of the race were exhibited, and at the same time it was clearly proved that (like the other Eastern Christians, apparently) they lack some of the fundamental characteristics necessary in a self-sufficing nation, especially the power of uniting in face of an external foe



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF A LETTER FROM GEORGE BORROW WRITTEN AT ST. PETERSBURG ON AUGUST 27TH, 1833, TO THE REV. ANDREW BRANDRAM, SECRETARY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY IN LONDON.

(From an original kindly lent by the British and Foreign Bible Society.)



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

From a sketch by Joseph Pennell.

In 1836 Borrow undertook a journey into Spain on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures in that country. His travels in Spain occupied over four years.

"I have said that Cordova has no remarkable edifices, save its cathedral, yet this is perhaps the most extraordinary place of worship in the world. It was originally, as is well known, a mosque, built in the brightest days of Arabian dominion in Spain. In shape it was quadrangular, with a low roof, supported by an infinity of small and delicately-rounded marble pillars, many of which still remain, and present at first sight the appearance of a marble grove."—"The Bible in Spain."

(Reproduced from Mr. Pennell's illustrations to "The Alhambra" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

by sinking minor differences among themselves, and the practical capacity for wise compromise which is needed for a stable alliance with other peoples. In their negotiations they are always ready to accept, but seldom willing to give.

Mr. Lynch discusses in his preface an interesting problem, "Why does one write a book?" and, especially, a book which involves so much hard work in preparation and composition as this one does. He reckons up the probable income which "the potential author" might gain from societies and weary readers who would pay him to refrain from publishing; but we may doubt whether he does not over-estimate the livelihood that could be gained in this way. A stronger deterrent from writing a book in which knowledge is the most prominent characteristic is "the foreboding of condign punishment," by which we may understand his apprehension of the clever young critic, trained at college to express at second or tenth hand in well-chosen language and brilliant style a condemnation of books and theories that he has never really read. It is so much easier to be brilliant and interesting in a sharp criticism than to go through the years of patient work and thought that are necessary in order to write a just and competent criticism of a really great book like Mr. Lynch's.

For my own part, the one criticism I have to make on his book is to wish that he would write another, and that he would devote it to the unexplored or half-explored regions that lie west and south-west from the land to which he has consecrated this monumental work. Cappadocia, Lycaonia, Galatia, Cilicia, Phrygia, present a succession of fascinating problems; and the evidence for solving them is rapidly perishing, while the work of exploration is hardly even entered upon, except in rare and isolated journeys, when some extraordinary accident furnishes an explorer (more or less untrained) and the money required for a journey. I should be very glad if central Asia Minor could throw over Mr. Lynch the net of its enchantment, and compel him to explore and to write anew. We are just on the verge, at present, of some illuminative discovery which will recreate the early history of those lands; and I know no one who seems to have so good a chance of making that discovery as Mr. Lynch.

W. M. RAMSAY.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

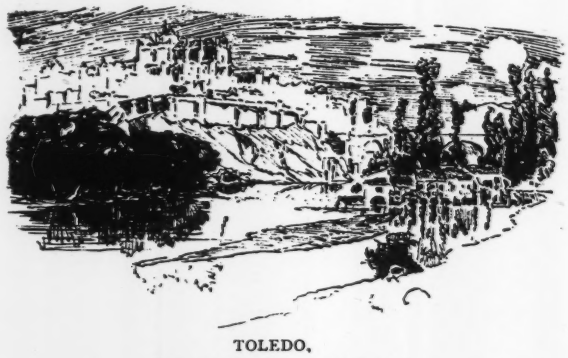
The general progress in the methods of disseminating information could hardly be better exemplified than by a comparison of the new edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature with the work in its original state. Even the original edition was fully adequate to the needs of the time; that it should be so no longer testifies to the elevation of the popular standard, and the increasing appreciation of the importance of a knowledge of English literature, even in those of its phases which have least relation to the life of the present day. Instead of the formal dictionary-like methods of the first edition, we have historical essays covering extensive literary periods, rendering justice to their general spirit as well as to particular details, and comprising the obscure and the anonymous along with the celebrated and illustrious. The attention paid to half-forgotten writers like Flecknoe and Cleland affords inferentially an accurate measure of that accorded to those of great reputation, and scale and proportion seem well observed throughout. Instead of the anonymity of the writers, highly competent as these were, of the first edition, we are now invited to accept the ministrations of men of the first eminence in their respective departments. Mr. Stopford Brooke, for example, writes on the Anglo-Saxon period, Mr. A. W. Pollard on the Middle English, Mr. Gosse on Jacobean and Elizabethan literature, Mr. A. H. Bullen on that of the Restoration, excepting Dryden, who falls to the lot of Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Andrew Lang on ballad literature, and Mr. Sidney Lee on Shakespeare. Better authorities could not be found, and the treatment is everywhere worthy of the writer. The volume brings us down to the end of the seventeenth century. RICHARD GARNETT.

* "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." New Edition by David Patrick, LL.D. A history, critical and biographical, of authors in the English tongue, from the earliest times to the present day, with specimens of their writings. Vol. 1. (W. and R. Chambers.)

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR.*

Mr. Grundy describes his work as "a study of the evidence, literary and topographical," which bears on the Persian war. As regards the literary evidence his chief concern is naturally with the much vexed question of the accuracy of Herodotus, and he arrives at the conclusion that a marked distinction must be drawn between the trustworthiness of the historian when he is relating events and when he is describing the motives or causes which led up to them. He is, in fact, according to Mr. Grundy, extremely painstaking and honest in collecting and recording the best information in his power, but he has a strong personal bias in certain directions, and he lacks that critical spirit which refuses a too ready acceptance to popular or partisan narratives, and always looks for a "rational interpretation" of events in accordance with the ordinary laws of human motives and human conduct. Thus, to take an important example, while his account of Thermopylæ is still "capable of verification on the spot" with regard "to every single detail," yet, when he refers to the death of Leonidas as an act of voluntary self-sacrifice due to an oracle having declared that, to ensure final success, one King of Sparta must perish, his statement must be received with extreme doubt, and he is probably wholly misled by his fondness for oracles and for any story which can "point a moral." The tale of Leonidas dying by command of heaven that his country might live, and of his three hundred followers

* "The Great Persian War." By G. B. Grundy. Pp. 590. 21s. net. (London: John Murray. 1901.)



TOLEDO.

From a sketch by Joseph Pennell.

"I was, as I may say, from first to last adrift in Spain, the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery."—Borrow's Preface to "The Bible in Spain," Nov. 26th, 1842.

"A short time after the establishment of the *despacho* at Madrid, I once more mounted the saddle, and rode over to Toledo, for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures, sending beforehand by a muleteer a cargo of one hundred Testaments. I instantly addressed myself to the principal bookseller of the place, whom, from the circumstance of his living in a town so abounding with canons, priests, and ex-friars as Toledo, I expected to find a Carlist, or a *servil* (Royalist) at least."—"The Bible in Spain."

(Reproduced from Mr. Pennell's illustrations to "The Alhambra" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

XUM

dying with him rather than desert their leader, touches his heart and makes him blind to its improbability. He accepts the current legend as it stands and never pauses to enquire why, to say nothing of other troops, seven hundred men of Thespiæ—probably all the fighting men of that little town—agreed without adequate reason to meet certain annihilation at the side of the Spartan general. It would have been easy for them to escape while the Spartans still held the pass, and that they should have stayed, if the motive of Leonidas was what Herodotus maintains, is wholly inexplicable. The difficulty is clear, and Mr. Grundy accordingly argues that Leonidas "faced the terrible odds against him," and induced the Thespians to do so too, not from superstitious motives, but "with the grander courage of reason," because he thought that, even when his rear was threatened, there was "just a possibility" of still holding the pass and so saving Greece. He had asked for reinforcements, but had not received them, and he died rather than abandon his post, though he had been himself shamefully abandoned by his countrymen. It was to cover their own disgrace that the Spartans invented the story of his voluntary self-sacrifice in obedience to an oracle.

It is in a similar spirit of criticism and with similar shrewdness that Mr. Grundy deals with Herodotus throughout, and his work will receive, as it thoroughly deserves, the close attention of those who have a special interest in the subject. Indeed, the work will attract specialists rather than the ordinary student, for it is not everyone who can afford the time to read through eighty-five octavo pages on the battle (or, as it is here called, "the campaign") of Platæa, and it sometimes requires considerable knowledge to follow the writer's argument, while he commits the grave error of giving no summary whatever of the contents, so that in commencing a chapter the reader has no clue as to the points to which his attention should be directed.

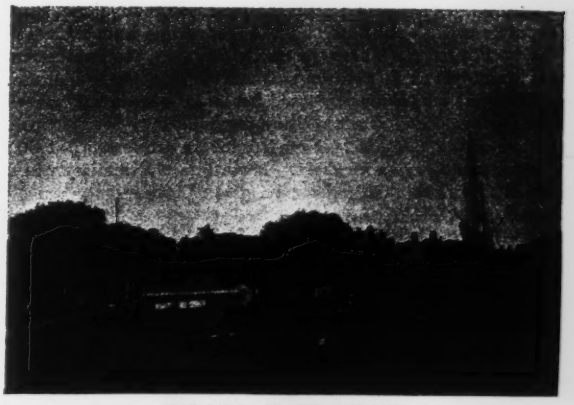
Of the topographical information which the book contains it would be difficult to speak too highly. The plans and illustrations of Thermopylæ make it possible for the first time to follow the details of the narrative with complete understanding, and the same may be said of the intricate movements at Platæa, while, though the topography of Salamis was already well known, Mr. Grundy, from actual study on the spot, is enabled to give a plan showing the opposing fleets in a position which differs greatly from the one usually given, but which seems more in accordance with common sense, and also agrees with the famous description of the battle by Æschylus, whose evidence, being that of an actual combatant, clearly deserves the greatest weight.

GEORGE BORROW'S SUMMERHOUSE AT OULTON.

"The summer-house where 'Lavengro' was written still stands among the trees."

"In front of Borrow's house a lovely lawn descended to the Broad. Hidden among the tall reeds skirting the shore was a boat-house from which protruded a craft for oars or sail. On the right border of the lawn stood a summer-house furnished with books and chairs, a table, and a lounge. This was the cottage library."—Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow, by W. I. Knapp.

From a photograph by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.



THE VILLAGE OF OULTON.

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From a photograph by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.

Mr. Grundy in his Preface warns other students that the results of work such as his are not likely to prove "a commercial asset which may further their future prospects," and this is undoubtedly true. The book is a real contribution to learning, but, owing to its size and character, can only appeal to a limited circle. There is much, however, in it which would command the attention of a large public if it were put into a simpler and much more concise shape. The author, in fact, has all the ability and material for producing a brief and popular account of the Persian war which would be superior to anything now existing, and, as the interest in that immortal story is by no means dead, such a book might prove valuable, not only to its readers, but to its writer.

T. E. PAGE.

MRS. MEYNELL'S POEMS.*

A very little volume this, but with the distinction that evidently not a single verse has been inserted for that sadly frequent combination of reasons—that it existed; there was space; and it wasn't really so bad after all. Each, we feel, has fought for its place with the stern judgment of its maker. Her earlier poems have received high praise, but these later ones leave a more definite impression. They are shaped and chiselled to express as near as may be the final utterance of a mood or thought. I will not say quite faultlessly. In rejecting the irrelevant, now and then something essential to the perfect expression of the meaning has disappeared. But what a refreshment to be puzzled by an occasional brevity instead of being tangled in weary wastes of words!

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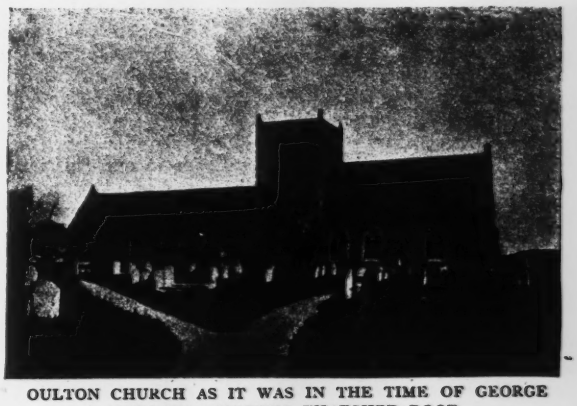
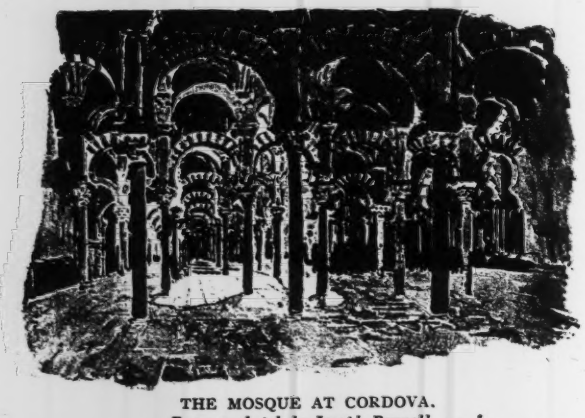


OULTON CHURCH AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF GEORGE BORROW, SHOWING THATCHED ROOF.

From an old photograph supplied by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

From a sketch by Joseph Pennell.

In 1836 Borrow undertook a journey into Spain on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures in that country. His travels in Spain occupied over four years.

"I have said that Cordova has no remarkable edifices, save its cathedral, yet this is perhaps the most extraordinary place of worship in the world. It was originally, as is well known, a mosque, built in the brightest days of Arabian dominion in Spain. In shape it was quadrangular, with a low roof, supported by an infinity of small and delicately-rounded marble pillars, many of which still remain, and present at first sight the appearance of a marble grove."—"The Bible in Spain."

(Reproduced from Mr. Pennell's illustrations to "The Alhambra" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

by sinking minor differences among themselves, and the practical capacity for wise compromise which is needed for a stable alliance with other peoples. In their negotiations they are always ready to accept, but seldom willing to give.

Mr. Lynch discusses in his preface an interesting problem, "Why does one write a book?" and, especially, a book which involves so much hard work in preparation and composition as this one does. He reckons up the probable income which "the potential author" might gain from societies and weary readers who would pay him to refrain from publishing; but we may doubt whether he does not over-estimate the livelihood that could be gained in this way. A stronger deterrent from writing a book in which knowledge is the most prominent characteristic is "the foreboding of condign punishment," by which we may understand his apprehension of the clever young critic, trained at college to express at second or tenth hand in well-chosen language and brilliant style a condemnation of books and theories that he has never really read. It is so much easier to be brilliant and interesting in a sharp criticism than to go through the years of patient work and thought that are necessary in order to write a just and competent criticism of a really great book like Mr. Lynch's.

For my own part, the one criticism I have to make on his book is to wish that he would write another, and that he would devote it to the unexplored or half-explored regions that lie west and south-west from the land to which he has consecrated this monumental work. Cappadocia, Lycaonia, Galatia, Cilicia, Phrygia, present a succession of fascinating problems; and the evidence for solving them is rapidly perishing, while the work of exploration is hardly even entered upon, except in rare and isolated journeys, when some extraordinary accident furnishes an explorer (more or less untrained) and the money required for a journey. I should be very glad if central Asia Minor could throw over Mr. Lynch the net of its enchantment, and compel him to explore and to write anew. We are just on the verge, at present, of some illuminative discovery which will recreate the early history of those lands; and I know no one who seems to have so good a chance of making that discovery as Mr. Lynch.

W. M. RAMSAY.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

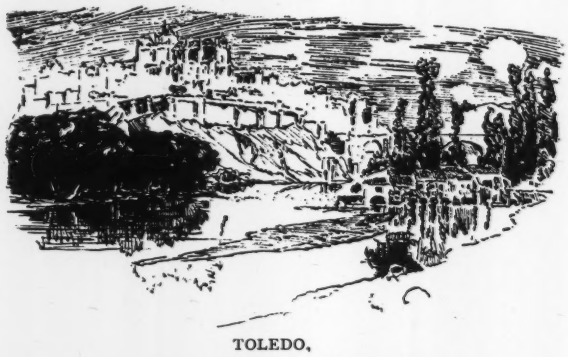
The general progress in the methods of disseminating information could hardly be better exemplified than by a comparison of the new edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature with the work in its original state. Even the original edition was fully adequate to the needs of the time; that it should be so no longer testifies to the elevation of the popular standard, and the increasing appreciation of the importance of a knowledge of English literature, even in those of its phases which have least relation to the life of the present day. Instead of the formal dictionary-like methods of the first edition, we have historical essays covering extensive literary periods, rendering justice to their general spirit as well as to particular details, and comprising the obscure and the anonymous along with the celebrated and illustrious. The attention paid to half-forgotten writers like Flecknoe and Cleland affords inferentially an accurate measure of that accorded to those of great reputation, and scale and proportion seem well observed throughout. Instead of the anonymity of the writers, highly competent as these were, of the first edition, we are now invited to accept the ministrations of men of the first eminence in their respective departments. Mr. Stopford Brooke, for example, writes on the Anglo-Saxon period, Mr. A. W. Pollard on the Middle English, Mr. Gosse on Jacobean and Elizabethan literature, Mr. A. H. Bullen on that of the Restoration, excepting Dryden, who falls to the lot of Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Andrew Lang on ballad literature, and Mr. Sidney Lee on Shakespeare. Better authorities could not be found, and the treatment is everywhere worthy of the writer. The volume brings us down to the end of the seventeenth century. RICHARD GARNETT.

* "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." New Edition by David Patrick, LL.D. A history, critical and biographical, of authors in the English tongue, from the earliest times to the present day, with specimens of their writings. Vol. 1. (W. and R. Chambers.)

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR.*

Mr. Grundy describes his work as "a study of the evidence, literary and topographical," which bears on the Persian war. As regards the literary evidence his chief concern is naturally with the much vexed question of the accuracy of Herodotus, and he arrives at the conclusion that a marked distinction must be drawn between the trustworthiness of the historian when he is relating events and when he is describing the motives or causes which led up to them. He is, in fact, according to Mr. Grundy, extremely painstaking and honest in collecting and recording the best information in his power, but he has a strong personal bias in certain directions, and he lacks that critical spirit which refuses a too ready acceptance to popular or partisan narratives, and always looks for a "rational interpretation" of events in accordance with the ordinary laws of human motives and human conduct. Thus, to take an important example, while his account of Thermopylæ is still "capable of verification on the spot" with regard "to every single detail," yet, when he refers to the death of Leonidas as an act of voluntary self-sacrifice due to an oracle having declared that, to ensure final success, one King of Sparta must perish, his statement must be received with extreme doubt, and he is probably wholly misled by his fondness for oracles and for any story which can "point a moral." The tale of Leonidas dying by command of heaven that his country might live, and of his three hundred followers

* "The Great Persian War." By G. B. Grundy. Pp. 590. 21s. net. (London: John Murray. 1901.)



TOLEDO.

From a sketch by Joseph Pennell.

"I was, as I may say, from first to last adrift in Spain, the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery."—Borrow's Preface to "The Bible in Spain," Nov. 26th, 1842.

"A short time after the establishment of the *despacho* at Madrid, I once more mounted the saddle, and rode over to Toledo, for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures, sending beforehand by a muleteer a cargo of one hundred Testaments. I instantly addressed myself to the principal bookseller of the place, whom, from the circumstance of his living in a town so abounding with canons, priests, and ex-friars as Toledo, I expected to find a Carlist, or a *servil* (Royalist) at least."—"The Bible in Spain."

(Reproduced from Mr. Pennell's illustrations to "The Alhambra" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

dying with him rather than desert their leader, touches his heart and makes him blind to its improbability. He accepts the current legend as it stands and never pauses to enquire why, to say nothing of other troops, seven hundred men of Thespiæ—probably all the fighting men of that little town—agreed without adequate reason to meet certain annihilation at the side of the Spartan general. It would have been easy for them to escape while the Spartans still held the pass, and that they should have stayed, if the motive of Leonidas was what Herodotus maintains, is wholly inexplicable. The difficulty is clear, and Mr. Grundy accordingly argues that Leonidas "faced the terrible odds against him," and induced the Thespians to do so too, not from superstitious motives, but "with the grander courage of reason," because he thought that, even when his rear was threatened, there was "just a possibility" of still holding the pass and so saving Greece. He had asked for reinforcements, but had not received them, and he died rather than abandon his post, though he had been himself shamefully abandoned by his countrymen. It was to cover their own disgrace that the Spartans invented the story of his voluntary self-sacrifice in obedience to an oracle.

It is in a similar spirit of criticism and with similar shrewd-

GEORGE BORROW'S SUMMERHOUSE AT OULTON.
"The summer-house where 'Lavengro' was written still stands among the trees."
"In front of Borrow's house a lovely lawn descended to the Broad. Hidden among the tall reeds skirting the shore was a boat-house from which protruded a craft for oars or sail. On the right border of the lawn stood a summer-house furnished with books and chairs, a table, and a lounge. This was the cottage library."—Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow, by W. I. Knapp.
From a photograph by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.

ness that Mr. Grundy deals with Herodotus throughout, and his work will receive, as it thoroughly deserves, the close attention of those who have a special interest in the subject. Indeed, the work will attract specialists rather than the ordinary student, for it is not everyone who can afford the time to read through eighty-five octavo pages on the battle (or, as it is here called, "the campaign") of Platæa, and it sometimes requires considerable knowledge to follow the writer's argument, while he commits the grave error of giving no summary whatever of the contents, so that in commencing a chapter the reader has no clue as to the points to which his attention should be directed.

Of the topographical information which the book contains it would be difficult to speak too highly. The plans and illustrations of Thermopylæ make it possible for the first time to follow the details of the narrative with complete understanding, and the same may be said of the intricate movements at Platæa, while, though the topography of Salamis was already well known, Mr. Grundy, from actual study on the spot, is enabled to give a plan showing the opposing fleets in a position which differs greatly from the one usually given, but which seems more in accordance with common sense, and also agrees with the famous description

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From a photograph by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.

of the battle by Æschylus, whose evidence, being that of an actual combatant, clearly deserves the greatest weight.

Mr. Grundy in his Preface warns other students that the results of work such as his are not likely to prove "a commercial asset which may further their future prospects," and this is undoubtedly true. The book is a real contribution to learning, but, owing to its size and character, can only appeal to a limited circle. There is much, however, in it which would command the attention of a large public if it were put into a simpler and much more concise shape. The author, in fact, has all the ability and material for producing a brief and popular account of the Persian war which would be superior to anything now existing, and, as the interest in that immortal story is by no means dead, such a book might prove valuable, not only to its readers, but to its writer.

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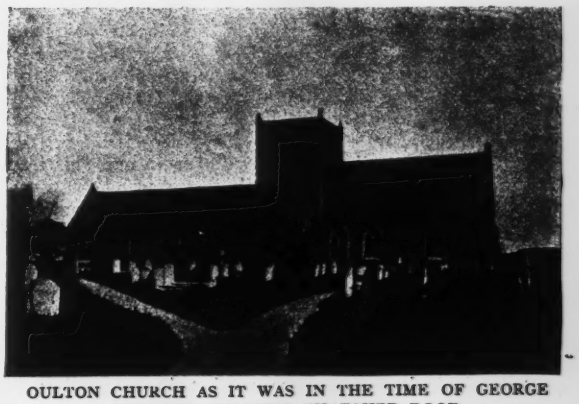


OULTON CHURCH AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF GEORGE BORROW, SHOWING THATCHED ROOF.
From an old photograph supplied by H. Jenkins, Lowestoft.

say that the religious poems are the most exquisite. The favourite will, doubtless, be the charming and melodious "Lady Poverty." There is much force in the indictment, alas! and yet it is a little unfranciscan in its intolerance. In Umbria, too, she "neglected her hair"—save in Bonaventura's emasculated version of the legend. Her beauty was in the eye of the beholder. Now her lovers are few. But there was the same cry in Umbria. More finely Franciscan in its inspiration is this truly great religious poem,—

"Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns thee lord
Of an unpurchasable word.

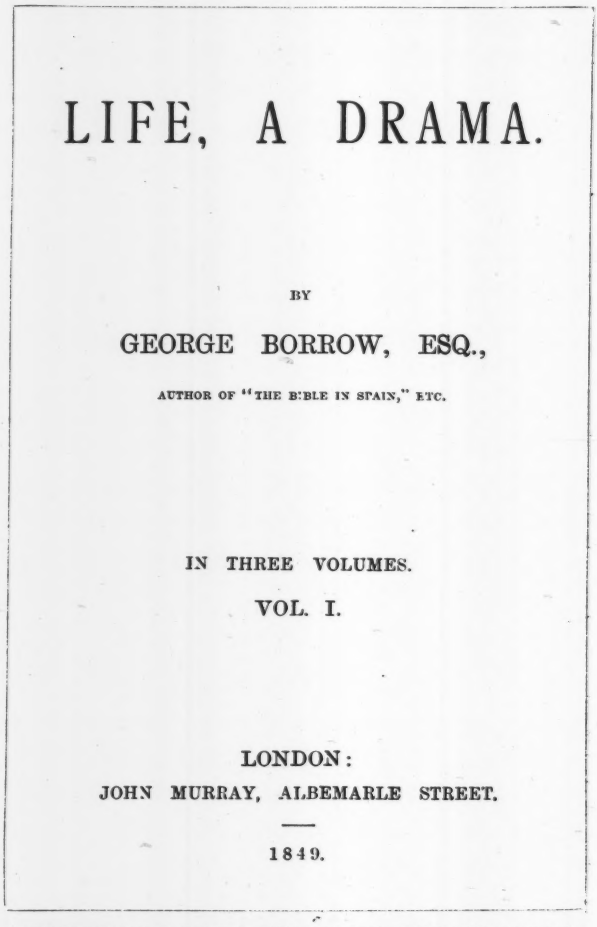
"Oh, strong, Oh pure!
As Yea makes happier loves secure,
I vow thee this
Unique rejection of a kiss."

Here Mrs. Meynell might have been seeking to give perfect expression to the central thought in Jacopone da Todi's epistle to the Blessed John of Alverna: "Gran cosa ho reputata e reputo sapere abundare de Dio. . . . Ma grandissima cosa ho reputata e reputo sapere degiunare de Dio, e patirne carestia." A. MACDONELL.

"G. K. C."*

The most characteristic, and perhaps the most delightful, quality of Mr. Chesterton's writing is his courageous innocence. He will back a truism with more spirit than others will spend in labouring a paradox. The most ordinary occurrences in the world are marvellous in his eyes, and his optimism proceeds from a blessed contentment with a planet which provides so many daily miracles. It is certainly not more wonderful (though it may be less vulgarly credible) that the sun should have stood still at Joshua's bidding than that it should have gone on without; and all the hagiologies together can furnish nothing so absolute and dumbfoundering as the birth of a child—or, for that matter, of a cabbage. To put a spoke in the wheels of Nature may happen to be an easy or a difficult feat; and when it happens to be difficult, men call it a miracle; but it can never be by a tithe so difficult as the feat of building those wheels and setting them in motion. This (if I understand him) would be one of the first principles in Mr. Chesterton's system of philosophy, and because he has the courage of his simplicity, he can treat it with a humour which will only be mistaken for irreverence by those who worship idols in the market-place. M. Maeterlinck has declared, in a now famous passage, that an old man, solitary, seated in his armchair in the lamplight and hearkening unconsciously to footsteps of the eternal laws in the darkness around and about his dwelling, is a fitter subject for tragedy than a lover who strangles his mistress, a victorious captain, or a husband who avenges his honour. Mr. Chesterton boldly adds that here, properly treated, are the materials not only for tragedy, but for farce. "To the quietest human being, seated in the quietest house, there will sometimes come a sudden and unmeaning hunger for the possibilities or impossibilities of things; he will abruptly wonder whether the tea-pot may not suddenly begin to pour out honey or sea-water, the clock to point to all hours of the day at once, the candle to burn green or crimson, the door to open upon a lake or a potato-field instead of a London street"—a sort of cosmic farce, you perceive, suitable for a Twelfth-night audience of young-eyed cherubim. And yet the question is unanswerable, Why should not these things happen as well as things ordinary in our experience, but quite as marvellous and hardly less absurd? The earth spins "widdershins" so rapidly that to a spectator in the spheres a bullet fired westward at an elephant actually travels away from its target: it is the elephant which swings round and hits the bullet. Our ocean is actually a mountain of moving crystal, in which the fishes build like birds. We are sadly the poorer for having lost sense of these delightful surprises. "Among all the strange things that men have forgotten, the most universal and catastrophic loss of memory is that by which they have forgotten that they are living on a star." So with things accounted more serious—"Religion has had to provide that longest and strangest telescope—the telescope through which we could see the star upon which we dwelt." "This is the great fall, the fall by which the fish forgets the sea, the ox forgets the meadow, the clerk forgets the city, every man forgets his environment and, in the fullest and most literal sense, forgets himself. This is the real fall of Adam, and it is a spiritual fall. . . . Most probably we are in Eden still: it is only our eyes that have changed." To me it seems—all allowance made for a certain wild use of analogy to which his determined width of survey and eagerness in discovery together tempt him—that Mr. Chesterton makes out his case: and I judge him as one who has reached some of his conclusions by a different route. For he is by no means a philosopher in a basket, but a moralist with a good every-

* "The Defendant." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1901.)



LIFE, A DRAMA.

BY

GEORGE BORROW, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1849.

FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF "LAVENGRO" AS IT WAS PRINTED IN FEBRUARY, 1849.

In February, 1843, Borrow began his "Life"—a "Kind of Biography in the 'Robinson Crusoe' style." In 1848 the book was announced to appear shortly under the title of "Lavengro: An Autobiography," which, however, was changed to "Life: A Drama." Eventually on February 7th, 1851, the book was issued in three volumes, entitled "Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest."

day working code. I wish I could quote here—but it is not the place—a sentence or two from the second page of his "Defence of Patriotism." The tender reader, however, will do better to begin with the "Defence of Rash Vows"—

"The revolt against vows has been carried in our day even to the extent of a revolt against the typical vow of marriage. It is most amusing to listen to the opponents of marriage on this subject. They appear to imagine that the ideal of constancy was a yoke mysteriously imposed on mankind by the devil, instead of being, as it is, a yoke consistently imposed by all lovers on themselves. They have invented a phrase, a phrase that is a black and white contradiction in two words—'free-love'—as if a lover ever had been, or ever could be, free! It is the nature of love to bind itself, and the institution of marriage merely paid the average man the compliment of taking him at his word."

Better sense could hardly be uttered, even though some minds refuse the coin of good sense until it has been alloyed suffi-

LAVENGRO'S INTRODUCTION TO THE GYPSIES.

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

"Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling. My advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and a woman. Suddenly the man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet and rushing upon me."

. . . . . .

"I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

"The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me now hung in the air like the hand which held it.

"'I say, wifelkin,' said he in a faltering tone, 'did you ever see the like of this here?'

"But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror and partly of curiosity."—Chap. V.

(Reproduced from "Lavengro" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

ciently with dulness. To these Mr. Chesterton should not be commended. They will find him unusual, perhaps flighty. But they may be assured that in his vivacious way he is entirely on their side and fighting for the same Bible, though he translate it into unfamiliar language.

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

A HISTORIC VIEW OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

In the Jowett Lectures for 1901 Dr. Percy Gardner selected the same theme and pursued the same line of exposition and reasoning as in his *Exploratio Evangelica*. This revision of his critical enquiry is, in our opinion, much the more impressive. Obscurities and crudities have been removed, and the lecturer's necessity of being at once and unmistakably intelligible has clarified the style. The subject is of the last importance, and we are not likely soon to see a more competent treatment of it. Years of investigation and of thought have gone to the making of this volume, and it deserves the widest and frankest consideration.

Dr. Gardner is well aware of the revolutionary character of the critical movement in the full current of which we find ourselves. Neither is he without sympathy for those who feel that, their old moorings being cut loose, they are adrift on unknown seas. "The decay of beliefs, even when they are to be superseded by better beliefs, must needs be a sad and dreary thing. Happy indeed are those in whose case the decaying foliage is pushed off by young growing buds of new belief, and not merely lopped off by the knife of criticism." And apparently he is under the impression that his Lectures will be found to correspond with the former method rather than with the latter, and will aid in laying a more secure foundation for faith rather than in demolishing its old basis. This, unfortunately, is not the impression which every reader will receive. It is the "knife of criticism" which is chiefly in evidence, especially in regard to the Synoptic gospels. At the same time it is quite possible to gather a good deal that is positive from the Lectures.

In any case the work of criticism has to be done, if we would arrive at the truth regarding the origins of our religion. And, as Dr. Gardner reminds us, "Protestantism possesses an inexpugnable central fortress in its conviction, founded upon experience, that the communion between man and his Maker is open to every human soul, apart from all question of organisation and tradition. And having this unfailing refuge, the Reformed Churches can dare to treat history with freer hand and to follow wherever evidence and science may lead." Undoubtedly it was this conviction which inspired Luther with such critical audacity. To him God's word was self-verifying and needed no evidence beyond itself. And it can never be too often repeated that no criticism can ever touch that which lies at the heart and forms the very essence and life of Christianity, the appeal which Christ makes to the conscience. These four gospels present an ideal human life, the highest and the best we know. To recognise this and to refuse to accept it and make it our own is to destroy the very foundation of our character. No criticism can take this from us, and having this we have the prolific root of our religion. What we require from the gospels is not an impossible and useless accuracy in every detail, but only that they give for all generations a substantially accurate picture of the great central figure.

The general principle on which Dr. Gardner proceeds is thus stated: "Our view is that if the Christian origins are studied at all, they must be approached by the same faculties and examined by the same methods as we use in dealing with other religions." This is, of course, the only admissible principle to guide us in examining the primitive documents. But this does not mean, as Dr. Gardner may be suspected of sometimes allowing it to mean, that we must reduce the life of Christ to the ordinary human level and judge what is ascribed to Him by ordinary standards of credibility. We

THE FIGHT BETWEEN LAVENGRO AND "THE FLAMING TINMAN" IN MUMPERS' DINGLE.

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

"'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, gasping for breath.

"'Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

"And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. . . . On he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but, owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear.

"'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim; 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.'"—Chap. LXXXV.

(Reproduced from "Lavengro" by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

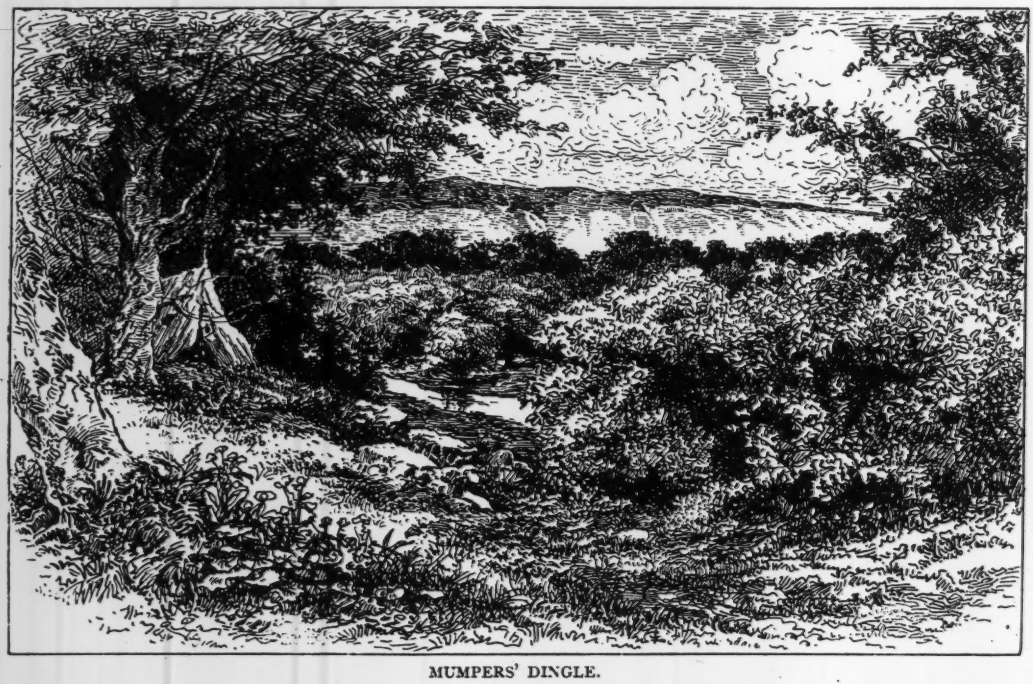
* "A Historic View of the New Testament: the Jowett Lectures delivered at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, 1901." By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. 6s. (Adam and Charles Black.)

cannot do this, because at the very first step in our examination we are confronted with a unique claim on His part to be the representative of God on earth, and by a miraculous fact, the fact of His sinlessness. Going to the gospels in order to learn what was the *differentia* of His life, we find it to be this, that it was the life of the Christ. The existence of the Christian Church proves the claim, and criticism admits that it was made. But this astounding claim makes our general principle of very little value. What we have learned of other lives may here mislead us. Things incredible, if related of others, may be credible, if related of Christ. Dr. Gardner's principle is right, but he misapplies it.

In other respects also the Lecturer's anxiety to deliver us from the thraldom of history betrays him. To hold the Christian faith on a historical basis is to hold it on a basis which may be shaken; therefore, we must abandon so hazardous a position. "We must be able to say that we know our belief to be true, if not with white intellectual conviction, then with a moral certainty which goes to the bottom of our whole active nature, and without which life would for us utterly lose its meaning." This is overdone. To some persons such moral certainty is given; the majority must, with Butler, make probability the test of all but the one central truth of Christianity. Is it not true, as one of our ablest teachers of science has recently said, that "the belief of those who least doubt immortality is far from being as clear and sufficient as it is concerning the things they recognise as certain"?

Had Dr. Gardner's criticism of the gospels been more moderate, it would have been more effective. The resurrection of our Lord is dismissed too airily, and the strongest argument for the miraculous is barely touched. The early preachers of Christianity are charged with accommodating the features of Christ's life to the expectations of those whom they addressed. Why they were not discredited is not stated. In several instances the Lecturer's criticism is doubtful. "Wherein," he asks, "does the making of wine out of water differ from the making of bread out of stones?" The author of "Ecce Homo" will tell him. Quite possibly the casting lots on Christ's vesture may merely be the duplicating phrase which corresponds to the previous clause, "they parted my garments among them"; but Dr. Gardner's objection to the interpretation in the fourth gospel, that "one cannot see how enough clothes would remain for division among four," is unfortunate, as every Jew wore precisely five articles of clothing. But more serious objection may be taken to passages where he seems to contradict himself. On p. 100 we read, "That He accepted the title and office of Messiah is clear," and yet in the same paragraph he says, "I cannot persuade myself that on strictly historical grounds these statements [among which is the statement that He "claimed an unique dignity as King and Lord"] could be definitely established." Again, while on p. 79 he startles the reader by affirming that "there are no entirely undisputed sayings of Jesus," on p. 103 we read that "the teaching of Jesus is in its main lines recoverable," and on p. 184, "The Synoptic writers on the whole faithfully reflect the teaching of the historic Jesus." Too obtrusive also is "the well-trained historic student of to-day" who has a regard for facts "scarcely to be found anywhere among the nations of antiquity." The well-trained historic student of to-day should have remembered his Polybius and sung a lower note. Yet, all blemishes and excesses apart, Dr. Gardner's Lectures will win the public ear, and ought to help forward the great task of setting the Christian faith on an immovable foundation.

MARCUS DODS.



MUMPERS' DINGLE.

Mumpers' Dingle, situated near Willenhall, Staffordshire, and now occupied by the Monmer Lane Ironworks, is made famous in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" as the spot where their hero plied his trade as blacksmith and spent many happy hours in the society of Isopel Berners.

"It was a deep hollow in the midst of a wide field, the shelving sides were overgrown with trees and bushes, a belt of sallows surrounded it on the top, a steep winding path led down into the depths, practicable, however, for a light cart like mine; at the bottom was an open space, and there I pitched my tent, and there I contrived to put up my forge. 'I will here ply the trade of kaulomescro (blacksmith),' said I."

(Reproduced from the new illustrated edition of "Lavengro" by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

THE AGE OF CHAUCER.*

"The Age of Chaucer" is preluded by an introduction from the pen of Professor Hales, which affords us an admirable *coup d'œil*, ethnological, historical, and literary, of Mediæval England in its penultimate phase—in the last phase, that is, before it enters upon the last chapter of all with the perverted chivalry of the Wars of the Roses. The exaltation of the fourteenth century at the expense of the thirteenth is in distinct contravention to the historic teaching of our youth; but this is no place for such a controversial issue, though we may notice in passing that Mr. Snell qualifies the later period by such epithets as "brutal," "cynical," and "ignorant." Returning to the "Introduction," it is no exaggeration to say that it contains some fine passages of

* "The Age of Chaucer." By F. J. Snell, M.A. Handbooks of English Literature. Edited by Professor Hales. 3s. 6d. (George Bell.)

English prose which should serve as a keen incitement to the student in the study of a chequered and obscure, but in many respects important, epoch in English Letters. The simile in which our poetical literature is compared to a mountain chain surmounted by the magnificent Oberland of the Age of Shakespeare is one which will linger in the memory. When we descend from this *Aussicht Thurm* of the Introduction to Barbour and Gower and a humdrum survey of the Chronicle, prose, and alliterative poetry of the period, it is inevitable not to feel some sense of disappointment. Mr. Snell's work is scholarly and his conclusions are sound, but he seems deliberately to have refrained from exercising such critical power as he possesses. Where he draws a conclusion, he does so inconclusively, and, when he brings his argument to a point, he seems instinctively to refrain from clinching it. Forty-eight pages having been devoted to an Introduction by another hand, he abstains conscientiously from introductory and illustrative matter, with the result that much excellent work on Langland, Maundeville, Gower, and Chaucer, though it embodies the last words of research on these subjects, is not set off to the best advantage, and is shorn of the effectiveness which is due to a fresh presentation of material, occasionally new and, nearly always, good. In the place of critical summaries we are treated to a number of embellishments of an irrelevant, not to say irritating, kind. In discussing the pedigree of Chaucer, the writer drags in a story about Corot, which is not only unintelligible in itself but has no explicable bearing whatever upon the matter in hand. Whenever he has occasion to use the phrase "up to date," he is careful to inform us that he is hazarding a modern vulgarism. While straining after parallels in his exposition of Gower, the author compromises the clearness so essential in a handbook of this character. By pruning away such eccentricities as these and emancipating himself from an almost degrading servitude to qualifying clauses and adverbs ("in any case," "however"), he could easily have found space for the critical deliverance, of which one so often feels the lack. From passages in which he combats the absurd view that Chaucer was "a nurse of good morals," or expounds Langland, we feel sure that Mr. Snell's private opinions on the writers he has studied so carefully are well worth recording. How much better would it have been had he omitted to talk of "the gauge of newspaper correspondence" and the vulgarity of some of the phrases he employs, and given us more of these opinions in a simple, straightforward, and unmistakable style! THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE OLD CHURCH, ST. GILES', AT WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.
(Previous to rebuilding in 1867.)

"I found Mr. Petulengro, his wife, and Tawno Chikno ready to proceed to church. Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro were dressed in Roman fashion, though not in the full-blown manner in which they had paid their visit to Isopel and myself. Tawno had on a clean white slop, with a nearly new black beaver, with very broad rims, and the nap exceedingly long. . . . We at last came in sight of a church, the bells of which had been tolling distinctly in our ears for some time. It was surrounded by lofty beech-trees of brilliant green foliage. We entered the gate, Mrs. Petulengro leading the way, and proceeded to a small door near the east end of the church. . . . Still following Mrs. Petulengro, we proceeded down the chancel and along the aisle. I could distinctly hear, as we passed, many a voice whispering: 'Here come the gypsies! here come the gypsies!'"

(Reproduced from the new illustrated edition of "The Romany Rye" by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S NEW BOOK.*

Captain Mahan in this most interesting work traces the growth of sea tactics during the eighteenth century, illustrating each successive phase by the career of the particular officer to whose initiative the characteristic developments were respectively due. In the days of Rooke the central idea of naval strategy was to bring every ship of the opposing fleets into action at practically the same moment, van to van, centre to centre, and rear to rear. As we are told by Captain Mahan, "This ignored wholly the essential maxim of all intelligent warfare, which is so to engage as to markedly outnumber the enemy at a point of main collision." Under the blight of this pernicious theory, as may be readily imagined, all individual enterprise and daring was at a discount, and was indeed actually discouraged by those in supreme command. Nevertheless this system became in time crystallised into an accepted tradition, and it was not until it had received a rude shock in the misfortunes which befell Matthews off Toulon in 1744, and Byng off Minorca in 1756, that the way was opened for the introduction of bolder and more original methods. Byng's disasters were not due to any poltroonery on his part, but rather to a blind devotion to standard methods of attack, a fault which has also been so much in evidence during the Boer war—with this distinction, however, that in 1900 the result was an excess of daring which led to an enormous and useless sacrifice of human life, whereas in the case of Byng and his compeers the fatal influence of doctrinaire views in military matters was evidenced rather by a lack of individual boldness and enterprise, which was hardly distinguishable from timidity. The man of genius who was destined to break down this Chinese wall of precedent and tradition was Hawke—"the great Hawke," as Burke justly called him. The brilliant victory of Quiberon, which broke the naval power of France and staved off an invasion of England, also marked the commencement of a new era in British naval history. Once more, as Dr. Fitchett remarks, we find "a fighter of the type dear to the British imagination, who took the shortest course to the enemy's line, and would exchange broadsides at pistol-shot distance while his ship floated." But although it is Hawke who embodies the spirit of the new age, it was Rodney who perfected its technical working. We are, however, still far from the attainment of the zenith of professional excellence typified in Nelson. Hawke as a strategist is on a lower plane; Rodney had neither the readiness of purpose nor the energy of the greatest of all our naval heroes. The six admirals whose careers are dealt with in the volume under review fall naturally into two categories. Hawke and Rodney typify the resurrection of British naval activity. Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, and Pellew exemplify the conservative forces, which keep it alive. Captain Mahan has very properly refrained from any mention of Nelson, on the ground that he stands alone, "not only regarded as towering above a brilliant surrounding of distinguished followers, but alone even as contrasted with other

* "Types of Naval Officers." By A. T. Mahan. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

great ones who in their day had a like supremacy." This is a volume which is almost above criticism. It is enough to say that it contains some of Captain Mahan's best work, and no higher praise could be given to it. With the solitary exception of Napier, there has been no other instance of a writer on the art of war who has so successfully united great literary gifts with profound professional knowledge.

THE "SWAN" HOTEL, STAFFORD ("MY INN—A VERY LARGE BUILDING WITH AN ARCHWAY").

"The inn, of which I had become an inhabitant, was a place of infinite life and bustle. Travellers of all descriptions, from all the cardinal points, were continually stopping at it; and to attend to their wants, and minister to their convenience, an army of servants, of one description or other, was kept; waiters, chambermaids, grooms, postillions, shoeblacks, cooks, scullions, and what not, for there was a barber and hair-dresser, who had been at Paris, and talked French with a cockney accent, the French sounding all the better, as no accent is so melodious as the cockney. . . . Truly a very great place for life and bustle was this inn. And often in after life, when lonely and melancholy, I have called up the time I spent there, and never failed to become cheerful from the recollection."

(Reproduced from the new illustrated edition of "The Romany Rye" by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

MISS BARLOW'S NEW POEMS.*

A first reading of Miss Barlow's latest volume of verse leaves us with a general impression that many of the studies and stories, though there is the real sniff of poetry in them, would have been better dealt with in her charming and vigorous prose; and a second reading confirms this for "Terence Macran," "What Matter," and "A Witch's Will," at least. Verse to her is seldom a short cut, or, when it is, the path is thorny and steep. But we are far from counselling a strict adherence to prose. She has in many cases a true instinct, which points to verse as the proper mode of expressing certain themes she might treat more cleverly but less adequately in prose. This is the case in the title-poem, "Ghost-Bereft," a little metrical drama, not over-skilful in technique perhaps, but strangely impressive and even haunting. Two women, one who has lost a husband, the other a son, in the war, hear that a soldier walks a glade the dead men knew in their life-time. Each thinks he walks for her. And a young girl runs past them to her secret nightly meeting with a flesh-and-blood soldier. The two bereaved ones go back, one, the younger, relieved "he" did not come, for she was afraid; the old mother sad that she is "ghost-bereft," and promising to come again to meet the spirit of him who was all her joy.

> "It is high the heart in me leaped up with pride,
> As often as I saw him stoop his head
> To clear our little dark door. 'Tis low enough,
> Too low it lies this night, asthore machree.
> And old Theresa Joyce, says she: 'Tis higher
> The heart of you would leap, if you beheld
> The grandeur and the gladness in the place
> Where Larry bides this day.' But sure God knows
> 'Tis easy for Theresa to be talking;
> I'll see him stooping in to me no more."

Then, as she moves off into her loneliness, an eerie ambiguity, in the shape of a stage direction, leaves us in doubt if Larry, or the other, did not come after all.

Miss Barlow has generally a fine reticence in her pathos. But in "A Misunderstanding" she does not touch us—she tortures us with the pain of the thing she tells. This is very rare with her. Far more characteristic is "The Turn of the Road," the most perfect in plan and expression of all the poems in the book. All the pathos of lonely motherhood is in it. Readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember it, for it first appeared in these columns several years ago.

* "Ghost-Bereft. With Other Stories and Studies in Verse." By Jane Barlow. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

THE NEW MÜRGER.*

They say Mürger's Bohemians all died long ago. If so, they have been born again in the lively brain of Mr. Stacpoole, but with a difference. They are not the ghosts of Rudolph and Marcel that rise in the pages of "The Bourgeois," nor any imitations of our old friends. Frisson and Carabin and Peter Alabaster are not at all ghost-like, and are very much themselves—with a great deal less sentiment than Mürger's heroes, and perhaps more ineradicable vices. Mr. Stacpoole's first idea may conceivably have been to shatter for ever the old picture of that pleasant war of irresponsible youth and cautious age which lingers in our imagination in spite of the detractors of Mürger, who say he was a ridiculous sentimentalist—for Mr. Stacpoole is at times frankly cynical. But if he had such an intention, he forgot it, or thought better of it. Stronger in him than the instinct of satire is the instinct of laughter; and let the reader who cannot laugh, against his own opinions, in spite of his own prejudices, keep away from "The Bourgeois." There is a time for being solemn over life, a time for writing manifestoes, a time for martyrdom, and a time for laughing. Mr. Stacpoole writes for the laughter hour, and he tests our powers far more than does Mürger, who would fain have had us believe that all his young Bohemian scamps had good hearts in the right place. The heroes of "The Bourgeois," with the exception of Frisson and Alabaster, are mainly a bad lot. Carabin was created to prove that you may laugh most pleasantly over an unpleasant fellow; De Joy to convince you that a victim of the opium and other dangerous habits need not be a dead weight of depression in a world needing all the merriment procurable. But then Carabin was not at all aware he was a mean sponger; he thought himself a high dreamer, in fact; and De Joy enjoyed his own illusions, and found it interesting to be "all sixes and sevens when he wasn't threes and twos," and to feel so many of him in bed there was no room. Loyalty to the one lady worth counting involves some disloyalty among the strangely assorted comrades, and we regret to say she is a thief. Frisson is perhaps the only one true to the old traditional romantic Bohemia. "To make a noise, and to make the noise pay, was Frisson's idea of success in life. The noise was the main point; the payment a secondary consideration." And Frisson dies at a moment when, unknown to him, he is really possessed of some worldly substance; and Carabin, the most consummate rascal of them all, is his heir. But let Mr. Stacpoole be as cynical as he will, his whole-hearted laughter defeats any sardonic intention. We laugh with him, and see no awful warning, but thank him for having opened the gate to us, for however short a space, of "that pleasant lunatic asylum over whose portal is written 'Youth.'"

* "The Bourgeois." By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Unwin.)

GEORGE BORROW'S HOUSE, NO. 22, HEREFORD SQUARE, BROMPTON.

On the 25th of September, 1860, Borrow took possession of the premises which he was to occupy for the ensuing fourteen years. The house was situated in Brompton—No. 22, Hereford Square. In 1874 he returned home to Oulton, where he remained until his death, which occurred on the 26th of July, 1881.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERARY SCOTSMEN.*

It goes without saying that this is an important book, and that, especially on the English side of the Tweed, it will be considered very interesting. It is important because in it for the first time a bird's-eye view is given of Scottish letters in the eighteenth century—although Mr. Walker has dealt satisfactorily if not exhaustively with one branch of it in his excellent "Three Centuries of Scottish Literature." Mr. Graham is always interesting because he is always vivacious; and his English readers will greatly enjoy this book, as they enjoyed "Social Life in Scotland," because of the full details that are given with gusto of the little foibles—including, of course, the great drinkings—of Scotsmen a hundred and fifty years ago. Further, the book would have been valuable if only for the admirable collection of portraits which it supplies of eminent Scotsmen and Scotswomen. (It is to be regretted that Adam Smith should be represented, if not misrepresented, by one of Kay's portraits.) On the whole, however, I must regard the book as a disappointing performance, whether it be considered as a sequel to its predecessor, or as a special work on a special subject.

"Social Life in Scotland," apart from what are nowadays known as *personalia*, was a valuable contribution to the literature of sociology. It enables the reader to understand how Scotland stood in the eighteenth century in respect of education, agriculture, religion, economics, and social life, as no other book does. A supplemental chapter or volume doing the same thing for Scottish literature, and giving to it its proper place in the "European movement" of that century, would have been of the highest value. For it will hardly be denied that the country which will always be associated with the "philosophical" group of Francis Hutcheson, Adam Smith, and David Hume, and with the "poetical" group of Allan Ramsay, Robert Fergusson, and Robert Burns—although Hutcheson was an Irishman and Ramsay one-third an Englishman—deserves considerable attention even from the cosmopolitan standpoint. It is evident from the remarks which Mr. Graham makes—or, rather, drops—on certain men and subjects, on Francis Hutcheson and his influence, for example, and on the author of "The Seasons," that he could have performed such a really profitable piece of work with ability and information. The materials for it were ready to his hand. The books of the writers whom he discusses are to be found in every library; their actual achievements live after them, and are likely to live when their more or less legendary feats in claret-drinking, snuffing, small-talk, the repartee of personal insult, and that rather tedious variety of Rabelaisianism known as "the untrue blue" are forgotten. Mr. Graham has missed a great opportunity, of giving the true inwardness, and still more the true outwardness, of Scotland in the eighteenth century in respect of science and metaphysics, economy and poetry. He has sinned with his eyes open. In his Preface he tells of the men he deals with. "We are helped very little to a knowledge of them by biographies written by their friends, for these consisted chiefly of brief colourless memoirs prefixed to their works. Neither can we gain a picture of their times by such diaries and voluminous correspondence as abounded in England from which we can reconstruct the social life of the age. . . . . Dugald Stewart, in his Lives of Reid, Robertson, and Smith, would not spoil a fine period by introducing an anecdote or a personal hint, which would have been of far more interest and value than a hundred sonorous pages." In that case would he not have done infinitely better had he left biography alone—or reduced it to a minimum—and stuck to literature?

Mr. Graham has, however, chosen what Stevenson regarded as the "primrose path" in letters, of writing what is calculated to give enjoyment to the writer and his audience, and he must take the consequences. The old familiar figures pass before us in procession—Adam Smith and Adam Ferguson, David Hume and John Home, James Boswell and William Robertson, "Ossian" Macpherson and Blair of "The Grave," Lord Kames and Lord Monboddo, Lady Anne Barnard and Lady Nairne, Robert Fergusson and Robert Burns, Henry Mackenzie and Dugald Stewart, Thomas Reid and James Beattie. (By the way, was Thomas Boston, whose Autobiography at least is notable in literature, not as deserving of attention as Hugh Blair, and might there not have been accorded to George Campbell of the "Philosophy of Rhe-

From Photo by] *[Annan & Sons, Glasgow.*

HENRY GREY GRAHAM,
The author of "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century."

* "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century." By Henry Grey Graham. 18s. (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1901.)

toric" some of the pages devoted to proving in effect that Monboddo was not worth any attention at all?) All the hackneyed *ana* of the Scott, "Jupiter" Carlyle, and Cockburn sort make their appearance once more. Mr. Graham has little new to give, except some unpublished notes of "Jupiter" Carlyle's, to such effect as that he thought Robertson even a vainer man than Blair, and was doubtful if Ramsay was not a greater poet than Burns. All the personal peculiarities are emphasised till one gets as tired of Hume's fat cheeks and Boswell's fussiness and drinking as of Carker's teeth. Mr. Graham's weakness for straining after "smartness," chiefly in the form of antithetical writing, is more noticeable in this work than in its predecessor; the sarcasm comes nearer to sneering, and even to what the young man in the club smoking-room gloats over as cynicism. There are so many quips like "Adam Smith reduced morality to sentiment so that one could be moral without the trouble of being virtuous," and "His country and his friends exhausted Wilkie's first edition; eternity could not exhaust the second," that one is disappointed when any of Mr. Graham's pages flow smoothly. When they do, we have, however, some really admirable pictures, like this of the latest years of Henry Mackenzie:

As he grew old, his memory was stored with curious recollections of the past to which persons of another century loved to listen when the modern political air was filled with talk of a Reform Bill. He could remember when the ground covered by the New Town was fields and meadows, and cattle browsed where Princes Street now stands; he had caught eels in the Nor' Loch when Princes Street Gardens were not even a dream of the future; he had shot snipe and coursed hares where George Street now runs; and got curds and cream at the remote inn called "Peace and Plenty" on the place where Heriot Row, in which he was living, was built. The High Street, when he was young, had been thronged with the finest of Scottish fashion and learning and wealth, who dwelt in these miserable flats which, when he was middle-aged, he saw abandoned to the poor and the squalid. In his old age he looked back on that poor and dingy past with romantic affection. When he was past eighty, visitors at Heriot Row found the lively little patriarch in his study seated in the high-backed chair, with his black velvet cap, his brown wig, his face with innumerable wrinkles, his blue eyes shrewd beneath his white eyebrows, munching out his words with

Robert Burns. "From Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century." (By kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

mouth sans teeth, while his wife, the graceful old lady, sat in black silk gown, high cap, fixed with lace beneath her chin; and as each visitor came in there was the eager talk of all that was going on that day.

Jean Elliot. From "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century." (By kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

For, of course, the book is delightfully readable. But then how much better would it have been had it also—like the solider chapters of "Social Life"—been delightfully weighty!

Mr. Graham is—in the literary slang of the day—"reasonably accurate." But he is surely a little hazy as to the title given by Samuel Johnson to his account of his experiences in Scotland. He libels Robert Fergusson's biographer—or is this intentional sarcasm?—by spelling his name "Grossart." And why does he not quote the delightful rabbit story—and lines—when treating of Fergusson's St. Andrews days? Nor is it correct to refuse all merit to Fergusson's English verse; some of his English satires are admirable. When dealing with Ramsay, the fact—for it was not unimportant—might have been recalled that his mother was of English blood. Mr. Graham's biography of Burns is a quite amusing mixture of authentic narrative and gossip. He treats the Globe Inn legend as if there were not half-a-dozen conflicting versions of it. He repeats without qualification "the woeful declension" story about the last years of Burns's life, ignorant of or ignoring the flat denials given, not in talk, but in writing, by his superior officer and nearest neighbour. He makes the poet commit an act of "fatuous braggadocio" in sending four carronades to the French National Convention at a time when that body was not in existence. Burns's last thought is described positively as "the bitterness of the fear of prison." The poet's widow questioned the accuracy of all stories to that effect; and, of course, there never was any cause—except delirium—for any such fear. Mr. Graham persistently spells "Mossgiel" "Mossgeil," and is good enough to quote from the seventh volume of a work with which I had something to do. The last time I saw a copy, it was in four volumes. Mr. Graham says: "Much sympathy has been expended on his fate in passing his life among his own people—that he got no lucrative post, where he could have lived in a higher social sphere. If he had, Jean Armour would have kept him fatally down; her antecedents, her homely nature would have made her socially impossible." Poor

"socially impossible" Jean! But would Mr. Graham say when, after his marriage with Jean, Burns lived among "his own people"? At Ellisland and in Dumfries he associated chiefly with lairds; "socially impossible" though Mrs. Burns was, she was actually on Mrs. Walter Riddel's visiting-list. Yet perhaps—woe is me if it should be so!—the "painful" Dumfries aristocracy, satirised by Carlyle for defending Gentility against the incursions of Grocerdom and Grazierdom—were also "socially impossible"!

WILLIAM WALLACE.

BRITISH SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF TO-DAY.*

Art is not by any means treated as an exotic in this volume. Mr. Spielmann, who has already done so much, and so well, in the *Magazine of Art* towards pleasing, and helping, and providing for those of artistic leanings, here works broadly in a volume devoted wholly to the inexplicably neglected art of sculpture. In using the words "inexplicably neglected," we do not refer to artists themselves—indeed, the past quarter of a century has been notable and active by reason of their ability and labour—but to the great public which still prefers bad sculpture to good, and to the still greater public which does not know bad from good, or care for the difference. "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-Day" is actually the first book published dealing entirely with modern British sculpture. We have been able to learn, hitherto, far more of Phidias than of Frampton; and to trace with ease the work and examples of the art of Praxiteles, while of such men as Brock or Thornycroft, whose work is produced under our eyes, in one sense of the words, we have but little knowledge. The scheme of this volume is to tell of the living British sculptors, their work, their style, and their productions; and almost sixty, men and women, are included, attention being given to metal-workers, and others engaged in art allied to sculpture. And quite as important in its way is the author's introduction; it is critical, instructive, guiding taste and judgment, and is vigorously and unhesitatingly expressed. Except by sculptors themselves, the greatest of all arts has, in Britain, been persistently insulted by indifference. Mr. Spielmann's book will instruct, inspire, and deprive us of excuses.

Lady Nairne. From "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century." By kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Novel Notes.

THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA McNAB. By S. Macnaughtan. 6s. (Methuen.)

Fresh from reading the records of Miss Christina McNab, we are inclined to think the writer of her history our greatest benefactor. He has made us laugh whole-heartedly, brought us into the pleasantest company, and has supplied the keenest, most observant comment on each personage, brimming over with fun and yet by no means unkindly. Christina herself is a great creation. She is an unmitigated young Scotch *bourgeoise*, thrust into the great world of fashion by her suddenly-acquired millions—a combination of shrewdness, smugness, audacity, and solemn pertinacity, which it is difficult to describe, but well worth making the acquaintance of. Her way is wonderfully smoothed by her beauty and her fortune; but in any case Christina was not one to flounder. She had no self-mistrust. She had the force to trample on sneerers, and to say, "I *will* be Scotch—I'll be *d—d* Scotch—and I'll make it the fashion too!" Hasten and be introduced to her, reader. You will never regret it. And round her cluster the most delightful company. Dicky, the Duke, and Alice Maynard are excellent, but Mrs. Weeks, that martyr of enthusiasm, is a masterpiece. With undoubted talents for satire the writer will probably never make fierce attacks. His charming habit of laughing at everybody all round and liking them all the same, will prevent that. Let him give us more, and let it be soon.

* "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." By M. H. Spielmann. With One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. 5s. and 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

LOVE AND LIFE BEHIND THE PURDAH. By Cornelia Sorabji. With Portrait. 6s. (Freemantle.)

On the surface this is a volume of short, picturesque stories of Indian life—mainly the life of Indian women, portraying their strength of love and power of self-sacrifice, their customs, their thoughts, and their Eastern environment. As such, merely, the book has much uncommon charm, for the writer, an Indian woman herself, knows her subjects and her theme with her heart, and from the inside. But it will soon be felt that Miss Sorabji has a deeper, more serious motive in her writing than to portray the picturesque, and entertain her readers; a motive which she has kept faithfully before her for many years, viz., the aiding of her Indian sisters in their hardships and difficulties. Miss Sorabji has done much to qualify herself as spokeswoman, for besides knowing and feeling the native woman's needs, she has set to work, practically, to ameliorate existing customs and conditions. She has passed examinations which, in the case of a man, would enable him to practise at the Indian Bar, and this in the hope that some day she may be of use to her countrywomen, in being allowed to speak, face to face, with them; whereas, at present, custom allows men to be their only helpers in matters of business, all communication taking place from behind a veil—a custom which gives opportunity for endless trickery and injustice. Miss Sorabji's work is calculated greatly to help forward the improvement in the condition of Indian women, and this high purpose, added to the genuine merit of the writing, will cause the volume to be read with very real interest.

THE MATING OF A DOVE. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Mann has a quiet, natural humour, and can interpret with rare insight the pathos of things that are not ostensibly pathetic; she has a very strong realistic touch, but knows how to edge her realism with ideality, so that you are made dimly aware of the brighter side even while you are looking on the

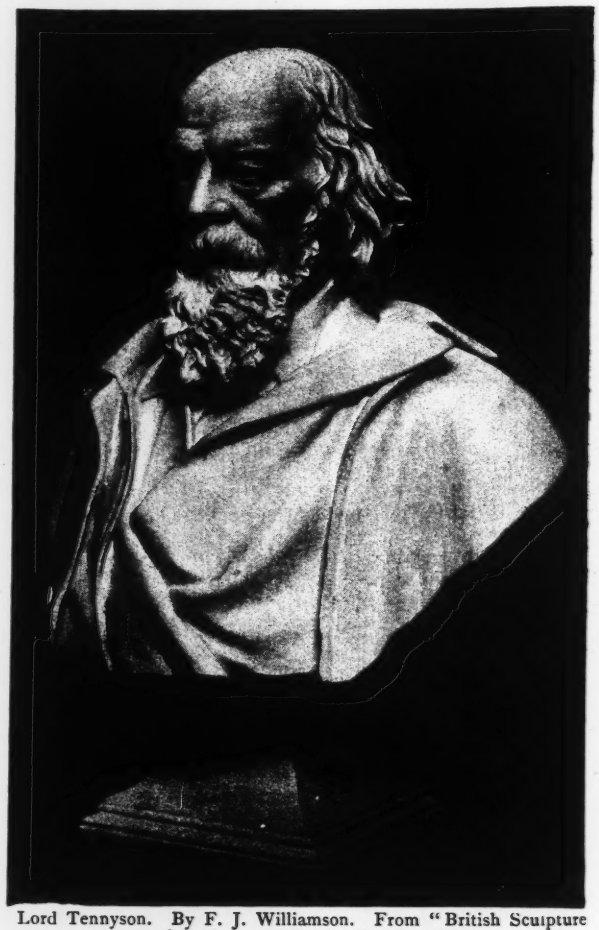
Burns' Memorial at Ayr. By G. A. Lawson. From "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." (Cassell.)

dark. The idealisation of Amy in "The Mating of a Dove" is indeed pushed a little too far — her utter simplicity is insisted upon and instanced to such an extent that it cannot be differentiated from harmless imbecility, and, as a result, you do not believe in Dr. Lamm's admiration of her, and are secretly relieved when he dishonourably jilts her and succumbs to the fascinations of her widowed sister Monica. Amy is a distinctly quaint puppet, but Monica, with her beauty, her selfishness, her tenderness, is a real live woman—a masterly bit of character drawing. So, in a widely different way, is her first husband, the Reverend Michael Bell, and his hard, undemonstrative, loyally - affectionate old mother. The careful, sympathetic presentment of old Mrs. Bell is, in fact, one of the best things in the book: you realise how completely she had sacrificed herself to her son's advancement in his career, how mutely fearful she was of seeing signs that he had inherited the disease of which his father and brother had died, and how watchful she was over his health and comfort; and you are with her in her jealous hatred of the woman who married him and took him beyond her care and neglected him. The story is well wrought, but the chief and absorbing interest is in the characters themselves, and this is as it should be, but not as many can make it.

THE GRAND BABYLON HOTEL. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto.)

This is a sort of Arabian Nights story with a very up-to-date environment. A multi-millionaire and his daughter are staying at the most exclusive of London hotels, and to gratify a whim of his daughter, who is not tempted by anything in the menu, he coolly orders a fillet steak and a bottle of Bass. The dignified head-waiter, mindful of what is due to himself and the character of the hotel, politely declines to execute the order, and the millionaire, being accustomed to getting his own way, incontinently interviews the proprietor and buys the hotel, raises the salary of the chef, and presently enjoys his plebeian meal. As owner of the "Grand Babylon" he finds himself immediately involved in a brisk and mysterious conspiracy. The hotel is much patronised by travelling royalties, and the head-waiter and the world-renowned chef are leagued with emissaries of the King of Bosnia in a dark design of at first kidnapping and afterwards poisoning, for pressing political reasons, the reigning Prince of a small German State. The millionaire, principally for the love of adventure, and his daughter, principally for love of the German Prince's young uncle, devote themselves to the baulking of these plots, and the result is a lively, rattling story, going at such pace and with such gusto that you are not allowed breathing-time in which to recognise the improbabilities of it. It is well written, and as unreal and as vivid as a nightmare, and uncommonly readable throughout.

Huxley Memorial Medal. By Frank Boucher. From "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." (Cassell.)



Lord Tennyson. By F. J. Williamson. From "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." (Cassell.)

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By Helen Wallace. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Miss Wallace's new story begins with the rattle of kettle-drums on a sunny afternoon in the village of Lathones, in the Highlands. It meant that the soldiers had come over from Stirling to enforce the ordaining of Jack Bethune as minister of the parish kirk, in the teeth of the villagers' opposition. It was the year 1745, when vital differences of opinion undermined men's religion and loyalty in Scotland; the year when the controversy of the Burgess Oath was dividing families and congregations, and Prince Charlie's dash for a throne ended in the black business of Culloden. History, however, plays a subservient part in this volume; individuals and individual thought and action are in the foreground, blended by love, bitterness, and humour. Nevertheless, affairs of Church and Succession bring about the

From Photo by [*Romney, Glasgow.*
MISS HELEN WALLACE.

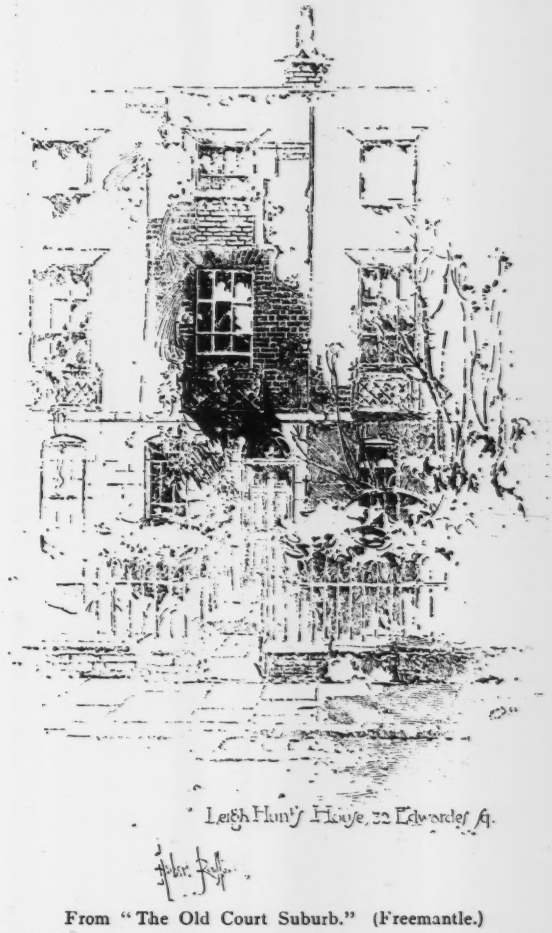
strong situations, and develop the characters of the men and women. It is, indeed, a Scottish story which may not be classed with what has come to be known as the Scottish story. There are questions of religion in it, and there is some dialect; but there the likeness ends. It is Scottish because set in Scotland at one of its most romantic periods; but the wills and passions, the searchings and swayings of heart, the impulses, the sweetness, and narrowness, and blackness of mind and character are of no place or period; they are of humanity and the world, seen with an eye which is observant, felt by a nature which can understand, and presented by a hand which is sure and skilful.

The Bookman's Table.

THE OLD COURT SUBURB. By Leigh Hunt. Edited by Austin Dobson, and Newly Embellished by Herbert Railton, Claude Shepperson, and Edmund J. Sullivan, Esqrs. Two Volumes. (Freemantle and Co.)

Genuine admiration must be accorded this delicately beautiful edition of Leigh Hunt's unique piece of Kensington history. As regards its interest and its timeliness there can be no question; as regards the chronicle itself there can be no need, even if there were occasion, to criticise its merits or demerits. Leigh Hunt's writings possess that quality which defies critics—the quality we name "charm." He was, too (and this is of importance in such a work as the present), accurate and trustworthy. As to interest and timeliness, when one reads of the Kensington of the earlier centuries and looks at the Kensington of to-day, one recognises the value of the man who undertakes to save for posterity pictures of the real past. A mere half-century has been sufficient to sweep away scores of landmarks from a historic neighbourhood. And here the full excellence of this new edition shows itself. By research and illustration obscure references are made clear; and old buildings, personages, modes, and manners are preserved for, and revealed to, us. Mr. Austin Dobson's Notes are always instructive and often picturesque; and his Preface gives a swift, happy portrait of Hunt himself. Of the artists we could say much in praise if space permitted. Mr. Herbert Railton has reproduced the old buildings and romantic spots with his well-known and exquisite skill. Mr. E. J. Sullivan has given us a fine gallery of portraits of the famous and the notorious Count D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Garrick, and others, including a thoughtful, characteristic one of Leigh Hunt himself; and with Mr.

Gay.
From "The Old Court Suburb."
(Freemantle.)



From "The Old Court Suburb." (Freemantle.)

Claude Shepperson has contributed many spirited pictures and sketches representing the life and the times. A last word must be said in praise of the elegance of these volumes, which is unusually marked—the binding being of lavender-coloured watered silk with an appropriate design in pale gold.

REGNUM DEI. Eight Lectures on the Kingdom of God in the History of Christian Thought. By Archibald Robertson, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

The Bampton Lectures for 1901 will not attract many readers, but those whom Principal Robertson does attract, he will fascinate by his great learning and masterly survey of Christian history. The first five lectures are occupied with an exposition of the part played by the idea of the Kingdom of God in the Old and New Testaments and in the early

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

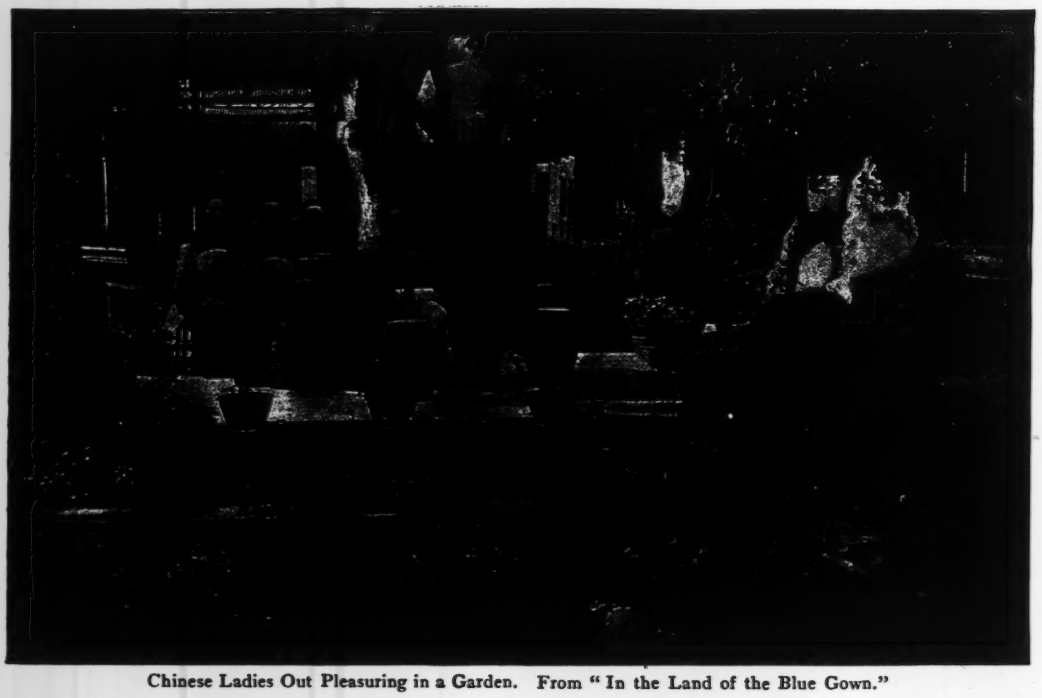
FEBRUARY, 1902.

From Photo by] MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE. *[Alice Hughes.*

Church, including the age of Augustine. The last three lectures exhibit the construction which Gregory the Great, Hildebrand, the Schoolmen and the Emperors, the Reformers and modern theology have given to the same idea. The original and valuable part of the book is its central portion. Fuller treatment of the primitive and modern periods is to be found elsewhere. But the German historian of the idea, Johannes Weiss, restricts himself to the consideration of its employment in theology, and devotes but one page to the Middle Ages. Here, in Dr. Robertson's Lectures, the forms in which the Kingdom of God was embodied, or sought to be embodied, by the great ecclesiastical, philosophical, and political leaders of mediæval times are thoroughly examined and described. To a casual reader it may seem as if some irrelevant matter had been introduced, but as the full scope of the subject is apprehended, the material is seen to hang together, and probably a more limited survey would have been less satisfactory. The book will be of eminent service to students of history.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Illustrated. 21s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Here is another book on China; but one written with scarcely a reference to the late troubles; and, as is usual in such a case, written by a woman. Mrs. Archibald Little has already proved her worth as a writer on Chinese matters, and those who wish, or need, to know that country in its ordinary, every-day state, "especially in relation to us foreigners in China," will find in the present volume a wealth of entertainment and a fund of information. This is the China before 1900, and although something is told of the anti-foreign riots of 1895, the book is not intended as historical or political. China, the Chinese, Chinese customs, scenery, what—for want of a better word—must be termed Chinese "progress," and the Europeans in China, are chiefly dealt with, with anecdote, keen observation, and occasional sharp words and hard hits at Chinese and European both; all being written in that gossipy fashion which is so popular, and which leaves such a vivid, first-hand impression on the reader. Perhaps a foreigner coming to the book for information may be puzzled by such colloquialisms as, for example, "not quite two yards long, but getting on for it," or "The houses, that do not run to a tree, have a tall bamboo"; but it is a conversational style which has its advantages. Farm life, missionary life, and many forms of employment are intelligently detailed; native apathy, cunning, faithfulness, talent are tolerantly or appreciatively discussed; and Mrs. Little's own anti-footbinding tour, when she addressed crowded meetings, deploring and denouncing the inhuman practice of compressing the feet of the Chinese women, is one of the most interesting portions of the volume. The author's observation on the expressionless features of the Chinese is very apt. "The Chinese always convey the impression of having very little to express from their poverty of mode of expression. No flashing eyes, . . . no working features, . . . no dramatic gestures, . . . and finally a language almost inarticulate when spoken. Did they wish much to say anything their whole physique must have altered long ago." The Chinese, however, expressionless or dramatic, patient or inhuman, amazing by reason of their past history, or discomforting by reason of their inscrutable shining slits of eyes, are to us an intensely interesting race, and Mrs. Little shows again that we are right in feeling this.



Chinese Ladies Out Pleasuring in a Garden. From "In the Land of the Blue Gown."

The New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1901, TO JANUARY 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEECHING, REV. H. C., M.A.—Inns of Court Sermons, 4/6 *Macmillan*

[Mr. Beeching possesses that excellent gift, a knowledge of appropriateness. These sermons, as heretofore, are just what they should be—direct, forcible, and withal of a literary quality. Of the dozen, beginning with "Religious Poetry" and ending with "The Victory Over Death," all are calculated to attract and stimulate busy men.]

Century Bible, The. The Acts. Edited by J. Vernon Bartlett, M.A. ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

[The editor's introduction will be found of great help to theological students; it is a careful and suggestive piece of writing. The authorised version and revised version are included, with notes and map.]

FISKE, JOHN.—Life Everlasting, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*

[The address delivered in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the Ingersoll lecture on the "Immortality of Man."]

KELLY, GEORGE J.—The Divine Idea of Preaching, 2/- *Stockwell*

[Deals with preaching from a many-sided view, and places before Christian workers and others the scope, the influence, the importance, and even the responsibility of preaching, not only from the pulpit but by example.]

MILBURN, GORDON, M.A.—A Study of Modern Anglicanism, 3/6. *Swan Sonnenschein*

[A frankly presented study of the many sides, types, and questions to be found in the subject of modern Anglicanism. The author deals primarily with the Church parties, and the theory of Anglicanism, in an outspoken manner. He is, however, anxious for thoughtful criticism, and open to correction. The book should help.]

NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LL.D.—The Church's One Foundation, 3/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

NOBLE, FREDERICK A., D.D., LL.D.—Typical New Testament Conversions, 3/6 net ..... *James Robinson, Manchester*

[Tells the distinct story of sixteen several New Testament conversions; indicating the varied temperaments, conditions, renunciations, and experiences brought to one common surrender. The book is faithful to the Scriptures, and full of suggestive thought.]

ORR, JAMES, M.A., D.D.—The Progress of Dogma, 7/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

ROBERTSON, JOHN M.—A Short History of Christianity, 6/- net. *Watts & Co.*

SPURGEON, C. H.—Twelve Sermons on Decision, 1/- *Passmore & Alabaster*

[Stirring utterances, particularly addressed to waverers and those in doubt.]

STEVENS, GEORGE BARKER, Ph.D., D.D.—The Teaching of Jesus, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*

[A new volume of the New Testament Handbooks, setting forth, lucidly and methodically, Christ's teaching and work, its aim and influence. A book admirably adapted to the needs of schoolboys, theological students, or ministers.]

THOM, JOHN HAMILTON.—A Minister of God. Edited with a Memoir, by V. D. Davis, B.A., 2/- net ..... *Philip Green*

[Selections, pertinent and illuminating, from the sermons and addresses of Mr. Thom, the broad-minded Unitarian minister, and friend of Dr. Martineau. Mr. Davis's Memoir is a good example of description and selection in a small space.]

TWELLS, HENRY.—Sermons on Hymns, 3/6 ..... *Wells Gardner*

[A volume of almost unique sermons by the author of the well-loved hymn "At even ere the sun was set." These are expositions on many of the most beautiful hymns, with a short account of the work and personality of the authors.]

WEST, PASTOR R. A.—The Greatest Things in the World, 2/- *Arthur H. Stockwell*

[A dozen chapters on matters which are necessary to a high standard of life. The volume is especially suited to Christian Endeavourers.]

WILLIAMS, REV. T. RHONDDA.—The Social Gospel, 1/- net *Lund, Humphries & Co.*

[A collection of attractive sermons, spirited yet thoughtful, tolerant yet vigorous.]

WILLIAMSON, A. WALLACE, D.D.—Ideals of Ministry, 3/6 *Blackwood*

[In these chapters Dr. Williamson, who can speak out of experience, and with authority, paints a true picture of the pastor's work and goal, as it should be; tells in inspiring words of the scope, and nobility, and joy of the work which may lie before theological students; and gives practical advice on the many sides of ministerial life.]

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, MRS.—The Yellow Fiend, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

[The "yellow fiend" is a sort of presiding genius of wealth; and Mrs. Alexander's present attractive novel has much to do with the smiles and frowns of the powerful spirit of gold. An old man's money and a young man's treachery, two duped girls, and impressive surroundings, are some of the items in this thoroughly interesting story.]

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Grand Babylon Hotel, 6/- *Chatto & Windus*

BOURCHIER, DR. HELEN.—The Ranee's Rubies, 6/- *Anthony Treherne*

[The Ranee had two magnificent rubies which she was used to hold in her palms at night, that her dreams might be rosy. Then the rubies were stolen. Then, too, the baby of the white clergyman and his wife was stolen; and this very Oriental tale follows the fortunes of both treasures in a spirited manner.]

CHARLESON, JOHN M. M.—Eain Macarthon: Agonistes, 6/- *Elliot Stock*

[A story dealing mainly with the question of ritualism and Roman Catholicism, and with a young minister who fought a long fight with church and congregation. The author is weakest in ordinary dialogue; he has his own opinions, but he cannot make other persons talk well.]

DAVIS, W. S.—"God Wills It," 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

[A striking specimen of the present American fondness for historical romance. Mr. Davis deals here with Crusading times; and he has proved to us in the past that he can handle early times and events with skill. The only fault we find with the book is that it is one too many. Battle cries, and continuous perils, and exploits in arms have no freshness now. They need rest for a while.]

DE SULMALLA, COUNTESS.—Under the Sword, 6/- *Digby, Long & Co.*

[The "sword" of the title was the sword of Damocles, which hung over the head of the beautiful heroine through five and twenty chapters, and fell effectively on the last page but one. The story is sensational, and deals with the sins of the fathers, wrecking the lives of the children.]

FRANCIS, MARIAN.—Where Honour Leads, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

[Here we have an author who can write prettily and leave a pleasing impression of a period; but who is inclined to shirk the strong and inevitable situations which are the making of this type of story. Her tale is of Hanoverians and Jacobites, with sympathies—unusual in fiction—chiefly on the Hanoverian side. The following example is not, however, an admirable way of dealing with a climax: "My readers will pardon me if I draw a veil here . . . I confess to loving and reverencing my heroine very much, and cannot willingly contemplate her consigned to the miseries and horrors Mr. Firebrace depicted, and alas! only too truly." This is not a good method for dealing with historical romance.]

GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—A Bid for Empire, 6/- *Digby, Long*

HODDER, ALFRED.—The New Americans, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

MANN, MARY E.—The Mating of a Dove, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

MARSHALL, MRS. CHARLES.—A Parish Scandal, 6/- ... *Elliot Stock*

[A bright tale of happenings in a London parish where the vicar is unmarried, and many of his flock have a superfluity of time on their hands. The tale has humour in it, incident, and a wedding in the last chapter.]

MATHERS, HELEN.—Venus Victrix, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

[Venus Victrix is paralysed at twenty-five; she is a beautiful, almost heartless, extravagant woman, but she loves her husband. Then Lyndsay Gray comes as nurse, and she and the Venus's husband have, it seems, been devoted lovers in the past, before they were parted by Venus. Then there is a death by prussic acid. It is an exciting story in Miss Mathers' more intricate style. And three other stories go to fill the volume.]

MIDDLEMASS, JEAN.—Fallen from Favour, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

[A real plot, in good, old-fashioned style, a missing casket, a murder, a beautiful, *mignonne* heroine, first governess then heiress, called "'little Lambton' out of sheer friendliness, you know;" a noble lover, and all the right "effects" for an entertaining, lively story, manipulated by this trustworthy authoress.]

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE.—His Own Ghost, 2/- *Chatto & Windus*

PEATTIE, ELIA W.—The Beleaguered Forest, 4/- ..... *Heinemann*

["I had just received my first proposal of marriage. It came from an unexpected and wholly uninteresting source." So we plunge into the story at the beginning of Chapter I. The story itself has, also, the quality of unexpectedness, but it is by no means uninteresting. It is told with naturalness and vivacity, with which a strain of deep feeling and passion is blended. It forms volume eleven of the Dollar Library.]

PIRKIS, C. L.—Jack: A Mendicant. Illustrated ..... *Bell*

[A pathetic little tale, a couple of dozen pages in length, about "a white-haired mongrel terrier, with flopping ears." It should help the cause of ill-used animals.]

ROBSON, ISABEL STUART.—The Oddity, 1/- ..... *Jarrold & Sons*

[A lively story of High School life, in which a new girl is quite the reverse of the shy, awkward, uncomfortable being depicted by tradition; she is "the oddity," and she leaves the old girls speechless with amazement within the first hour. A vigorous, wholesome tale.]

SAND, GEORGE.—Mauprat. Translated by Stanley Young. With Critical Introduction by John Oliver Hobbes ..... *Heinemann*

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Mission of Margaret, 6/- ... *John Long*

[A group of nine stories, seasonable, and told in Miss Sergeant's own attractive style. Margaret's "Mission" among the South Sea savages, though influential, could not be considered a complete success; she makes, however, an effective heroine in a love-story.]

SHEEHAN, REV. P. A.—Luke Delmege, 6s. ..... *Longmans*

WADSLEY, LUCY ELLEN.—The Lady Algive, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

[A historical tale uniting a story of fratricide in England with the story of Macbeth in Scotland. Priestcraft is a strong influence in the tale, which is full of incident. Did they, however, speak of being "unable to take a joke," in the days of Hardicanute?]

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Northanger Abbey, with Frontispiece, 1/6 net. *Methuen*

[A new volume in the charming Little Library Series, with a short, critical, informing, and even amusing introduction by Mr. E. V. Lucas.]

PERRAULT, MASTER CHARLES.—Tales of Passed Times. Illustrated. 1/6 net ..... *Dent*

[A dainty little Temple Classic for young people, full of the good old-fashioned fairy tales, illustrated in vivid, appropriate manner by Mr. Charles Robinson.]

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Fair Maid of Perth. Anne of Geierstein, 2 Vols. 2/- each. ..... *Nelson*

[The twenty-second and twenty-third volumes of the India paper edition of Scott. This New Century Library of Messrs. Nelson is a distinct boon to book lovers.]

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Ivanhoe. 2 Vols. 6/- net each *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

[Two more volumes of the beautiful Edinburgh Waverley Edition, which is so fine an example of what a library edition should be. The Chantrey bust of Scott, and a drawing of the novelist by Sir Francis Chantrey, form the frontispieces.]

THACKERAY, W. M.—The Newcomes, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BAIN, ROBERT.—The Lost Eurydice, and Other Poems *William Hodge, Glasgow*

[Mr Bain sets up a high standard, and sings from the heart. His poems are true, and living, and contain a wise philosophy.]

BUCKTON, A.—Through Human Eyes. With an Introductory Poem by Robert Bridges, 3/6 net ..... *Elkin Mathews*

[A slim volume of admirable verse. Something of Mr. Buckton's feeling, and power, also, may be found in the two sonnets "To the Amateur," and "To the Maker." This poet has felt the happiness of the creator, and the "sting of every blemish in his art's despite," and his words are alive.

Cowper Anthology, The (1775-1800). The Goldsmith Anthology (1745-1774). Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. 2 Vols. 3/6 each ..... *Frowde*

[Professor Arber deserves high praise for his excellent work in these British Anthologies. In scholarship, care, taste—even in type, large and clear, and price—these volumes are admirable. Each volume is complete in itself, contains a glossary and index, and represents a definite period of British literary history. The set may be termed a national treasury.]

DE TABLEY, LORD.—Orpheus in Thrace, 5/ net ..... *Smith, Elder*

GREEN, A. ROMNEY.—Poems, 5/- ..... *Brimley Johnson*

[Mr. Green sings with a clear note wholesome songs of beauty and truth. Where things are evil he admits it fearlessly; but he does not wail; and without striving or insisting, his poems are charming and vigorous.]

GREY, J. TEMPERLEY.—A Village Apostle, and Other Verses, 2/6 *Allenson*

[Tender and sincere in thought and expression. The title poem presents a quiet but vivid picture of a village rescued and revived by one man's goodness.]

JONES, HENRY ARTHUR.—The Liars, 2/6 ..... *Macmillan*

JONES, ROBERT.—The Muses' Garden for Delights. Edited, with Introduction, by William Barclay Squire. 5/ net *B. H. Blackwell, Oxford*

[A most interesting reprint of the songs which so long eluded the search of collectors and anthologists, the volume containing which was found at last at Bridgewater House. Some real gems are here, and the editor contributes a pleasant, informing, partly biographical introduction.]

PRATT, TINSLEY.—Harold the Saxon, and Other Verses, 1/ net *Elkin Mathews*

A booklet of great charm, in which historic deeds are told in bold, swinging lines reminiscent of Macaulay's "Lays." The collection includes "Boadicea," "The Return of Helen," "When Hawkins Sailed the Sea," and should be in the hands of all patriotic schoolboys, and others.]

ROBINSON, MARY (MADAME DUCLAUX).—Collected Poems. *Unwin*

ROSSETTI, GABRIELE.—A Versified Autobiography. Translated and supplemented by William Michael Rossetti, 7/6 net *Sands & Co.*

SAPTE, W., JUN.—"By the Way Ballads." Illustrated, 3/6 *Sands*

[There is a Gilbertian sound about these ballads, but an aptness and swing which their own author must be praised for.

"A remarkable man was Private John
Theophilus Peter Hards,
Who the pleasing uniform used to don
Of His Majesty's Scarlet Guards."

This is the style; and if the fun is more obvious here than in the "Bab Ballads," it is still fun; and the illustrations by Messrs. Reynolds and Hassall are capital.]

TIGHE, HARRY.—Jean: A Play, 2/6 ..... *Elliot Stock*

[A little life-drama within monastery walls. The story of Jean de Rossi, who seeks to avenge the sufferings of his mother, and is confronted by cowardice and hypocrisy in a high position. It has a religious tendency, and is designed by its author to give strength and comfort.]

TREVELYAN, R. C.—Polyphemus, and Other Poems, 7/6 net *Brimley Johnson*

[Mr. Trevelyan deals with classic subjects. His "Polyphemus" is a dramatic poem. In it Polyphemus is blind and old, and is seated facing the Sicilian Sea, when Ulysses comes to him. The author has caught the dignity and simplicity of the classic writers. The volume is decorated with many tasteful designs by R. E. Fry.]

Victorian Anthology, The. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.T., F.R.S. 7/6 ... *Sonnenschein*

NEW EDITIONS.

ÆSCHYLUS.—The Chœphori. Edited by T. G. Tucker, Litt.D. 12/6 ..... *Cam. Univ. Press*

[A notable edition, enriched with critical notes, commentary, translation, and a recension of the scholia.]

BURKE, CHRISTIAN.—The Flowering of the Almond Tree, and Other Poems, 1/ ..... *Blackwood*

[Christian Burke has already won admirers by his tuneful, thoughtful poems, so unaffectedly and touchingly expressed. Five new friends are included in the group of old ones. One questions why a jester—as in the second of these added poems—must always have a breaking heart, any more than a mute must be continuously suppressing joviality; the idea is rather threadbare, but the poem is praiseworthy in its simple way.]

ELIOT, GEORGE.—The Spanish Gypsy, Jubal, etc, 10/6 net *Blackwood*

[The poetic works of George Eliot in the library edition which Messrs. Blackwood are publishing in tasteful, permanent form, with artistic, well-produced photogravure frontispieces.]

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